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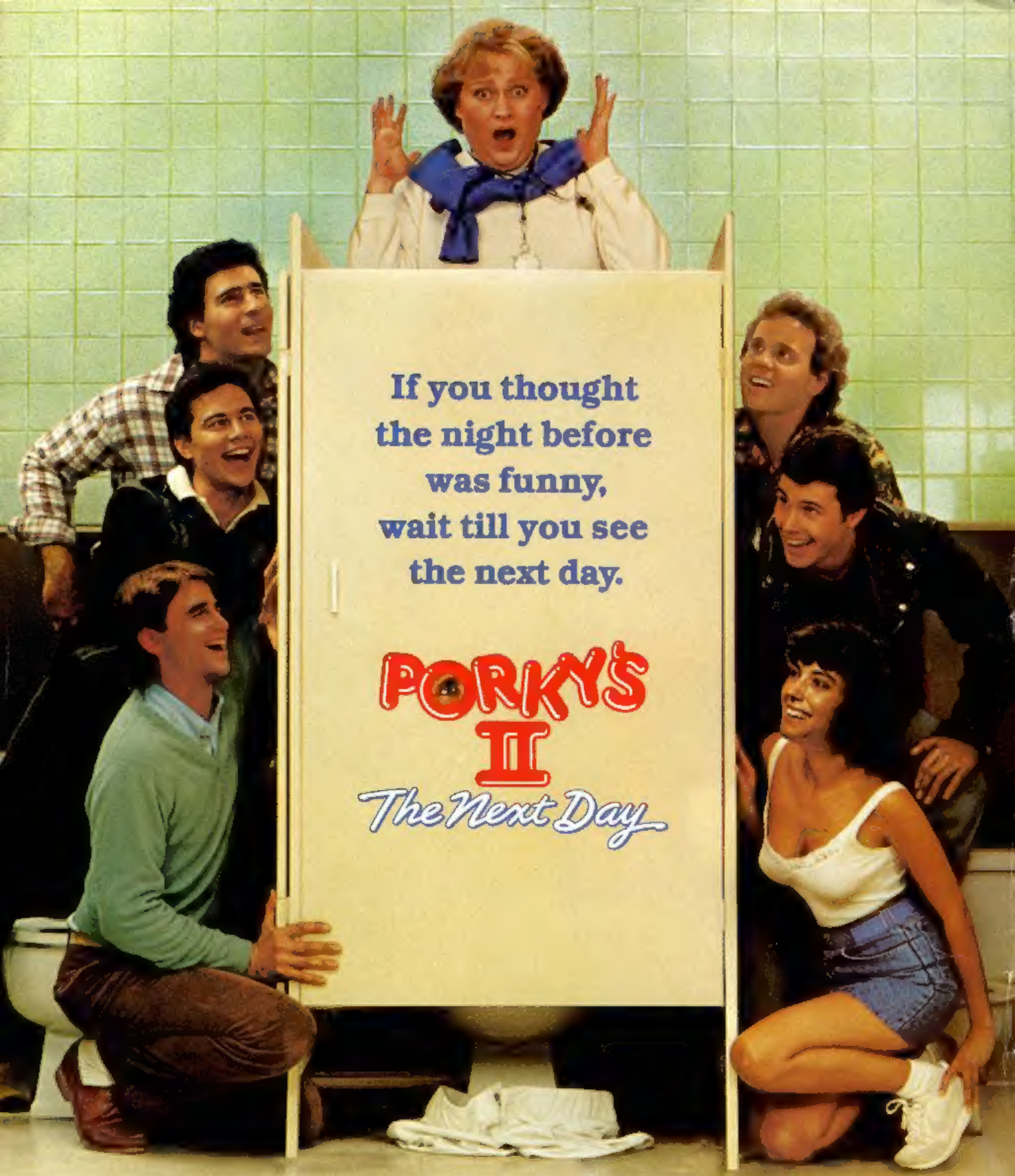

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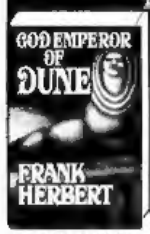

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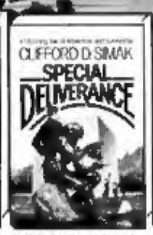

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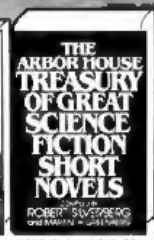

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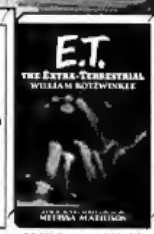

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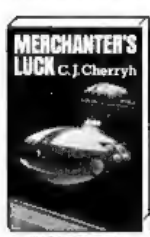

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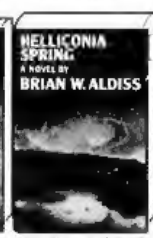

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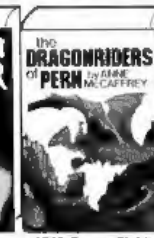

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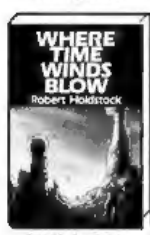

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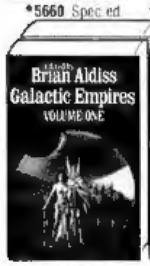

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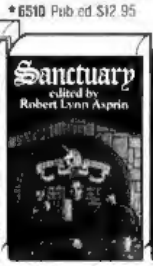

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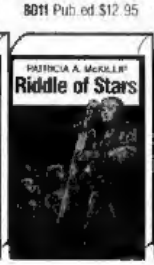

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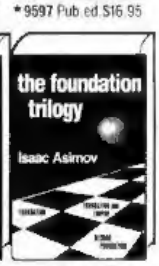

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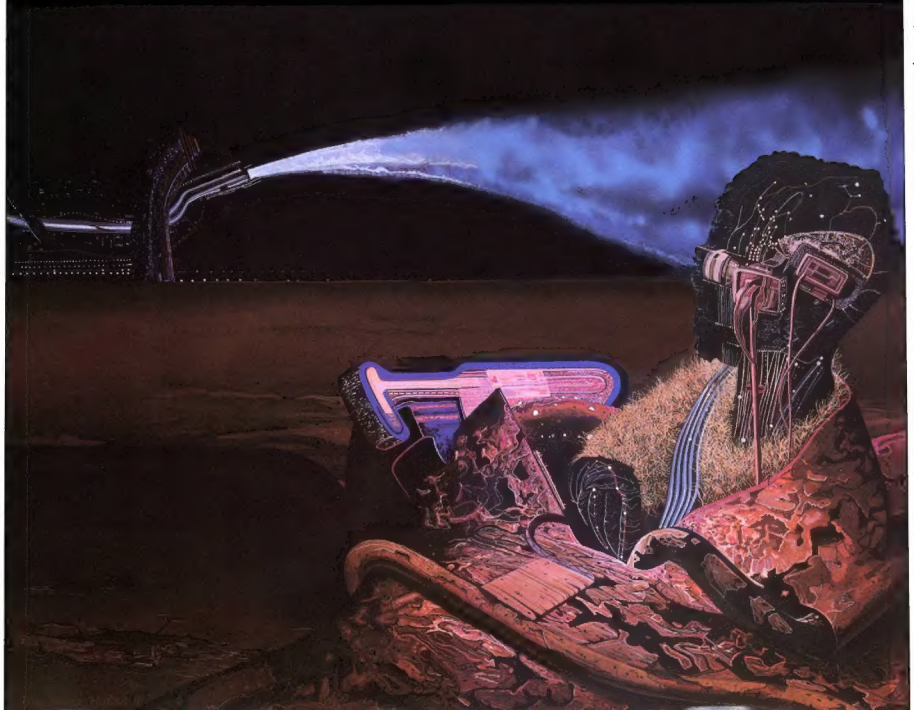
HEAVY METAL

JUNE 1983 VOL. VII, NO. 3



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EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions; otherwise, return of artwork is not guaranteed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. $19.00 paid annual subscription; $32.00 paid two-year subscription; and $39.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Add $5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Advertising Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, (212) 688-4070. *Midwest:* **Guenther & Company**, River Plaza, 405 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 670-6800. *West Coast:* Jim McGinley, **Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley**, 3450 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 407, Los Angeles, CA 90010, (213) 382-6346. Dick Sands, **Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley**, 433 California Street, Suite 505, San Francisco, CA 94104, (415) 421-7950. *Southern Offices:* **Brown & Co.**, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, GA 30062, (404) 998-2889.

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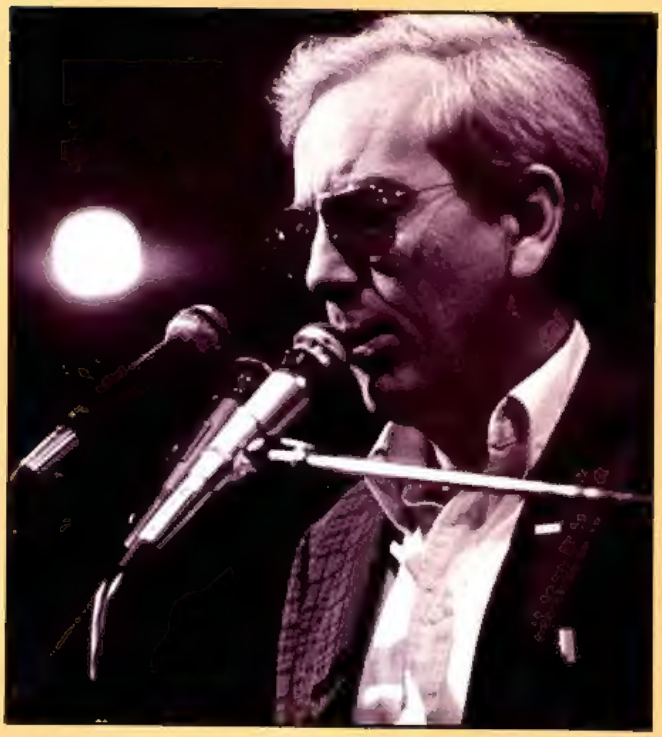


Robert Ashley. Pick a mike—any mike.
Photo by Nathaniel Tileson

MUSICALLY SPEAKING

I called up composer **Robert Ashley** to ask him what he was up to. "So—are you going to be doing 'this' or 'that?'" "*Au contraire*," was his response, until I pointed out to him that he was dropping "*au contraire*" a rather lot. "Yes, I am," he acknowledged. "You know, if you say '*au contraire*' a lot, no one can argue with you."

Well said. That's Robert Ashley for you—the fifty-two year old "first conceptual punk" (as one music critic called him) always uses words musically, rhythmically, hypnotically, whether he's performing or not. The sounds are as important as the meanings, and often, in his compositions, the sounds *are* the meaning—challenging, quite deliberately, the whole nature of meaning. Ashley picks up where John Cage, considered the father of avant-garde music, leaves off. For Cage, any sound can be music. Even silence. For Ashley, the most colloquial sound—that of intimate thought or everyday conversation—is the stuff of music.

"Robert Ashley talks like Negroes sing," wrote a French magazine, and it's true. That doesn't just refer to his mellifluous sweet speaking voice, but to Ashley's music, which, though often classified as "contemporary classical" or "traditional avant-garde," is really stream-of-consciousness, intellectualized rap music. It's layered, like popular funk, with vocals, percussion, synthesizer, and keyboards. But the keyboard part here is contributed by new music piano-improviser/composer "Blue" Gene Tyranny, whose avant-boogie woogie, combined with Ashley's musical verbiage, pushes it into what the French (who adore Ashley) call *rock éthéré* (ethereal rock).

In the sixties, after studying psychoacoustics and music, Ashley co-organized the ONCE festival of performing arts, in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he began performing his own solo pieces, with tape; often stunning and bewildering his audiences by calling everything he did —whether it was talking or howling—"music." Then he went on to the Center for Contemporary Music at Mills College, in Oakland, California (Director from 1969–81), and in 1975–76 began his foray into the world of television, producing and directing his first "television opera," *Music With Roots in the Aether*.

But it wasn't until he wrote his voluminous video opera, *Perfect Lives Private Parts*, that Ashley was able to meld all the elements of his work, or his mind, into one. *Perfect Lives* began as a libretto in the seventies—a tale of the mythology of the mid-west, with long rambles about characters by Ashley, set against the amazing piano dexterity and experimenting of Tyranny. Simplistic as its tale seems (a narrator, "R," and the World's Greatest Piano Player, meet up in a bar in the mid-west, and rob a bank), it's really, in structure and content, a parallel to consciousness. It describes in seven parts the process of, says Ashley, "the making of a new soul." (There are seven levels of consciousness, according to the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.)

Ashley began to travel and perform the piece with Tyranny and two performer/singers, Jill Kroesen and David Van Tieghem. Video cameras, TV sets, and some live and taped footage were added to the performance. Ashley stood center stage, wearing a semi-rumpled suit, his face sometimes made-up like the American flag, reciting the libretto for hours, while the piano and singers went on in the background. But it wasn't enough—and Ashley, who's always had a talent for working with great people, began to collaborate with videomaker John Sanborn, and composer/sound producer Peter Gordon. Gordon mixed the sound to emphasize its layers; Sanborn began creating what will soon become (as commissioned by the BBC's Fourth Channel) truly the world's first video opera. The first part, blithely called "Music Word Fire And I Would Do It Again," was finished last year, and it is no less than the *Ulysses* of videotapes—dense, intense, iconic, mythical, mystical, and absolutely compelling; something truly avant-garde, because it is like nothing else ever seen or heard. We can hopefully look forward to seeing all of *Perfect Lives* (all seven half-hours) on American airwaves (usually the last to catch on) sometime this fall.

Meanwhile, Ashley (obviously in his most fertile period), has composed a new piece, and has started performing it: *Atalanta: Acts of God*. It includes singers, dancers, live video footage, Tyranny (as always), a live sound mix with prerecorded tapes, and, as ever, a monumental concept. *Atalanta* is about the act of thinking, about spontaneity within stricture, about chaos under control. No small undertaking. "*Au contraire*," says Ashley.

—Merle Ginsberg

Wenders studies under Nicholas Ray at the Famous Directors' School.
Photo from ***Lighting Over Water***

WENDERS-BENDERS

Although he's one of Germany's most widely discussed postwar directors, the interviewer's challenge in Wim Wenders (pronounce the *w*'s as *v*'s) lies in trying to find questions he hasn't already blatantly dealt with in his films, let alone in the prepared interview included in his press kit: "I hesitate to talk about myself. Okay, I'm a filmmaker, my films are even very personal; but never private." And: "The Yanks colonized our (Germany's) subconscious . . . Every time I come back to the United States I feel like I'm jumping forward in time."

Along with his contemporaries, Werner Herzog and the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Wenders burst on the American viewing public in the mid-seventies, leaving some strong impressions of his own: his collaborations with Austrian playwright and novelist, Peter Handke, ***The Goalie's Anxiety At the Penalty Kick*** (1972) and ***The Wrong Move*** (1975), which introduced a fourteen-year-old Nastassia Kinski to an unsuspecting world; the 1974 ***Alice in the Cities*** and 1975's ***Kings of the Road*** being his most highly acclaimed features released in the US.

In 1977 his quietly moving thriller, ***The American Friend***, appeared, and I was hooked. Foremost among its many quirks, it featured the most lucid performance by Dennis Hopper in years, as well as offbeat cameos by famed directors Nicholas Ray and Sam Fuller. Wenders began his adaptation of Joe Gore's Edgar-winning mystery novel, ***Hammett***, in early 1978; it was completed in 1982, did very well in both London and Paris (I saw it in the latter), but has yet to open to a general American relese. With Frederic Forrest in the lead, it captures, with color, a genuine *film noir* mood. In 1979 Wenders completed a work he began with Nicholas Ray, ***Lightning Over Water***, a film documenting Ray's last days dying from cancer.

Perhaps the most telling tidbit from his official bio is that Wenders studied medicine and philosophy before going into filmmaking and criticism: he depicts brutal realities with an almost genial bedside manner. A seventeen-minute short, ***Reverse Angle: NYC March '82***, painfully chronicles his state of mind during the final editing of *Hammett* without a trace of bitterness. ***The State of Things*** (1982), his latest feature, is a beautiful, black and white meditation on filmmaking, mercilessly honest, ending on a note that manages at the same time to be awkward, grandiose, downbeat, and touching. He is thirty-eight, struck me as gently laconic in manner, lives in New York City, is working on a film with Sam Shepard called *Paris, Texas*; and will begin shooting *The End of the Century*, an sf film, in Australia next year.

—Robert Morales

Wim Wenders reaches for his gat.
Photo by **Robin Holland**

HM: I understand you were so taken by Hammett in preparing for the film, you lived in his San Francisco apartment house for six months.
WW: It taught me a lesson, too, about research . . . because I didn't learn anything. (Laughs) Except that Hammett didn't sleep much. The place was next door to a fire station, which was already next door when he lived there. There's lots of fire alarms in San Francisco because everything is wooden —so every ten minutes they would come careening out of there, and I would fall out of my bed. So it taught me a really good lesson about research: don't overdo it.
HM: Is his apartment in the movie anything like the real one?
WW: The apartment was very prosaic, totally disappointing. You only wanted him *not* to have lived there, it was so boring.
HM: Maybe he had fun neighbors.
WW: He had. Like in *Hammett* he actually had this affair going on with this librarian in the building. That's research. That's true.
HM: How about your affair with America and American culture? How far does it go?
WW: Well, we got divorced in between and now we're remarried. (Laughter) I live here, I wouldn't know where else I would want to live.
HM: What sort of things do you like to read that are particularly American?
WW: My favorite American writers are mystery writers—and I totally disagree with the, I think, *stupid* difference people here make about writing and literature and mystery writing. I mean, Hammett was certainly a victim of that. He was just as good as Hemingway at least, if not a bit better.

I very much like Ross Macdonald. I think Patricia Highsmith is one of the best contemporary American writers. She's from Fort Worth, Texas, but she's not really regarded as a major writer because she only writes mysteries . . . Joe Gores is pretty good; I even think that all his other novels are better than *Hammett*. The three he wrote about the repossessing agency—the DKA series—are really extraordinary. Anybody who knows what he's writing about, I'm for that—and Joe really worked as a detective in a similar agency. My favorite is *Gone, No Forwarding*. Ross Thomas is also pretty good.

Of contemporary American writers my favorite is Sam Shepard, who I think is just the best right now.
HM: I know you have plans for a science fiction movie. Are there any sf writers or films that you especially like?
WW: I don't have that big a knowledge of science fiction literature; I know all the . . . conventions. I think I've only read twenty novels, all together.
HM: In your publicity releases you talk about traveling and about how traveling to America is almost dreamlike to you. What do you—
WW: "I get my kicks on Route 66." (Laughter) I guess I'm making films in order to have an excuse to travel all the time. It turned out to be ideal as a profession because I could also *work*, traveling, so a lot of my films are made on the road; I'm comfortable.
HM: It's funny—you seem like a laid back guy, but from the volume of work you've done over the years, you must be a workaholic.
WW: Well, it *is* possible to be

both at the same time in film, except sometimes when you're shooting. Americans work differently, too: they work more impulsively and then they collapse.

HM: Which directors do you like working today?

WW: More than anybody else I'm looking forward to each time is Martin Scorsese. I think he's amazing.

HM: He has the best sense of structure of anybody around.

WW: And he's a real director. Great sense of pacing, great sense of flow—for his characters and for the atmosphere. And he has

Wim Wenders (cigar in hand) and Sam Fuller (cigar in mouth) discuss whether to burn *The State of Things* or let the studio sit on it for three years.

style. The notion of style is totally getting lost. You see so many films—they have a story and that's all they care about; they shoot it one way but they could just as well shoot it another way; they look just like television because that's what they get away with.

HM: Have you seen any blockbusters that you care to denounce?

WW: Blockbusters? I've seen them all. *E.T.*, of course—I've seen all of Spielberg's; he's one of the greatest storytellers and craftsmen ever. I can't say that these are my favorite films: as much as I get excited, I must also say that you come out of it and you kind of feel a little bit empty . . . because they take you and shake you so much, and they do whatever they want to. One aspect of movies is just to take you and—blow you away. My movies are not like this, but I always like that aspect.

The Australian, George Miller. *Mad Max 2* was one of my favorite pictures last year; it was called *Road Warrior* here. And there's Walter (*The Warriors, 48 Hrs.*) Hill—I like all of his films.

HM: Do you like Brian de Palma?

WW: Not really. One of the films I really hated the year before last was *Blow Out*. I was really . . . appalled. Is that the word, "appalled"?

HM: (Laughs) Yeah.

WW: Which I have my own reasons for—no question that he's one of the few who can tell a story with style.

HM: You find him too cold?

WW: I find him too cold, and I see a lot of contempt for people, I must say. I think it was Pauline Kael who wrote that de Palma loved the women he showed in his films. I think *Blow Out*—if I were a woman I would fight against this film; I think it's full of contempt for women.

HM: What about Paul Schrader?

WW: Because I was working, I never saw *Cat People*. *Blue Collar* was one of my favorite films in '78. Didn't care that much for his second one, *Hardcore*; I saw his point, but . . . I liked *American Gigilo* much better.

HM: Do you know the original *Cat People*, by Jacques Tourneur?

WW: Oh yeah, sure.

HM: How about the film he made with Robert Mitchum, *Out of the Past*?

WW: It's one of the few movies I have a cassette of. I don't believe in taping, I only have three films on tape. One is *Seven Women*—crazy film, John Ford's last picture—because that was on (TV) the day I bought the stupid machine . . . The other one? (Edgar G. Ulmer's) *Detour*. I got that and *Out of the Past* because they almost come together.

I found out very soon that this was not really the way to look at films, the way to preserve them. I know these people who have huge libraries, thousands of films on tape, and find myself kind of bored by it . . . they've lost the impulse to go see movies because they're into collecting tapes. I'd rather wait till a film comes around again.

HM: And if you have too many of them, it's like having records you can never listen to.

WW: There you go. With records I feel it's different because that's their original form—they appear as records. I don't have the means to collect films so I don't want to collect tapes. I also don't collect cassettes of records; I want to have the record.

HM: If only from *The State of Thing*'s soundtrack, one can tell you like a lot of new wave music.

WW: Yeah, I'm glad it happened because all through the mid-seventies I found myself buying only old records: a lot of blues, another old Chuck Berry record, or some obscure rockabilly. I thought, well, maybe I'm getting too old. In '78, something like that, something happened and now I'm excited again.

HM: Is it the energy?

WW: Yeah. Also, that's one of the reasons I'm in New York: you can see a lot of groups here, more than anywhere else. I very much like Tom Verlaine. Psychedelic Furs, Echo and the Bunnymen, the Bongos, all of them. There's another group, from Los Angeles, but I only saw them there a few times and I never even found a record of theirs in New York: they're called the Plugz.

HM: And they're good?

WW: (With deep, dreamy satisfaction) They are *wonderful*. Another group called the Minutemen—ever hear of them? All their songs are one minute. (Laughter) They're *very* good.

HM: Would you ever want to do a concert film?

WW: I wonder. I think it's a very limited medium. Scorsese did it really well in *The Last Waltz*, and the Woodstock film is probably a bigger thing than the whole event itself . . . but there's such an inflation of music on film and tape now, and you have this channel where you can see twenty-four hours of music . . . so I think the fun is out of that. I remember seeing (Frank Tashlin's) *The Girl Can't Help It*, and I was real excited, because that was the only place you could see Eddie Cochran or Gene Vincent; also, I think rock'n'roll is so much nicer in movies in a fictional context: the whole kick of it is that it is involved in this ridiculous story. That, I think, is creative filmmaking—so that these people will suddenly pop up and play. Or like in Antonioni's *Blow-Up*, with the Yardbirds . . . I went to see that movie ten times because of that scene—when they smash the guitar.

CUTTING UP

Brian Gysin, master of the cut-up technique, inventor of the Dreamachine, author of *The Process* and collaborator with William Burroughs on *Minutes To Go*, *The Exterminator*, and *The Third Mind*. His new book with Terry Wilson, *Here To Go: Planet R-101*, has just been released by Re/Search Publications in San Francisco. This interview was made by poet/photographer Ira Cohen in Paris, December 1982.

Brion Gysin: I'm wiping out the tape as we go . . . and we're going to talk about really just what's happening—and really what's happening is that we're going to try to sell this book.

Ira Cohen: Which book?

BG: *Here To Go.*

The sands of Present Time are running out from under our feet.

IC: Oh, *Here to Go*. Well, it really seems to be selling itself although it's not being sold because the books are not where the reviews are . . . or where the public is, but there are a lot of people who are ready to read it.

BG: It's beautiful to look at, too, I think.

IC: It makes what is painted happen, in areas not even spoken about—maybe we could get into some of those areas . . .

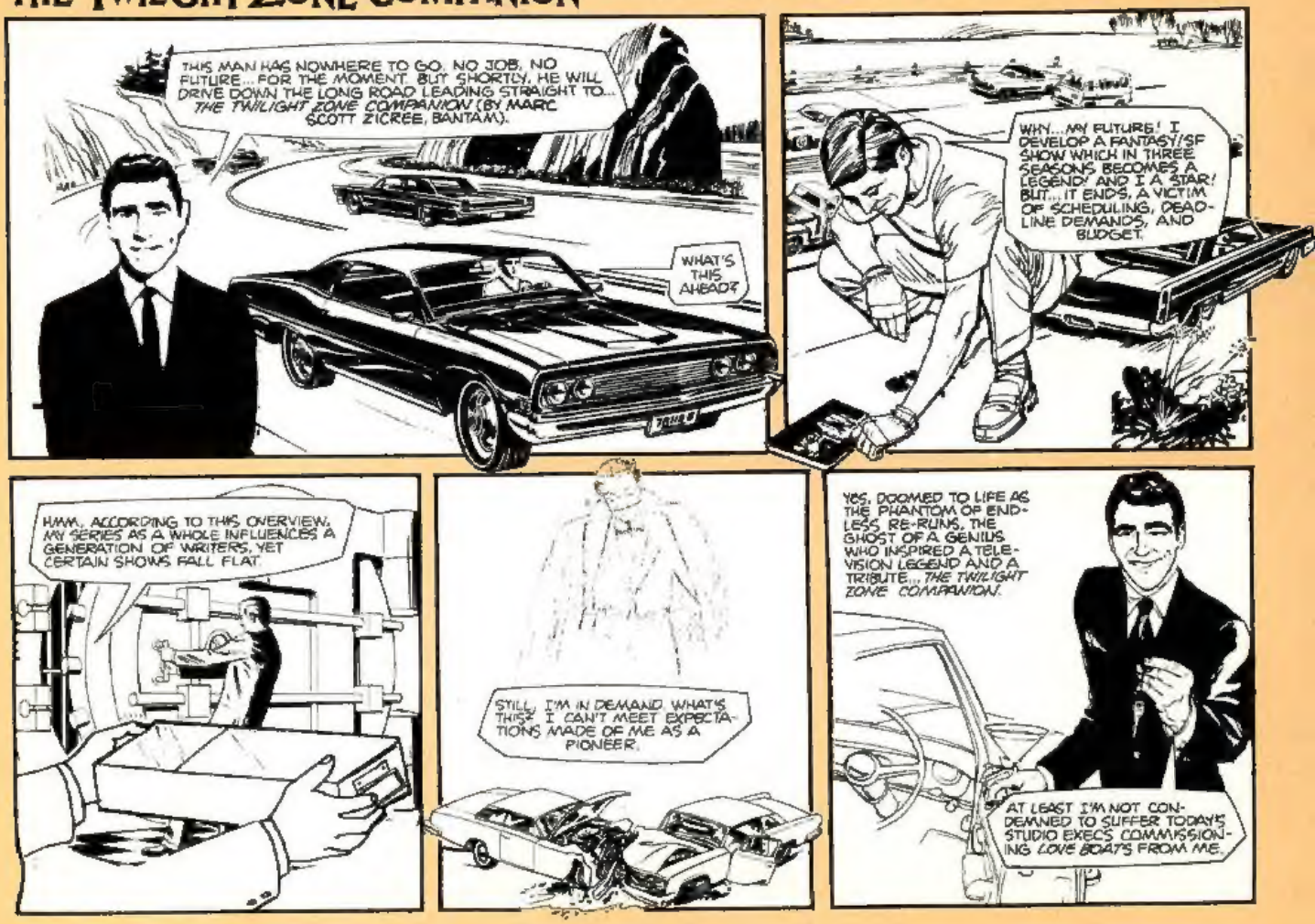
And why not?

IC: Did you really run the

tape back all the way to the beginning?
BG: Yeah.
IC: You're erasing everything that you said, I think you're mad.
BG: No, I'm not mad.
IC: Then why are you doing that?
BG: Bad. (laughter)
The Great Conundrum: 'What are we here for?' Is all that ever held us here in the first place.
IC: You're talking, you made some interesting remarks about science fiction and the chapel of science fiction and dealing with certain religious thoughts—you're talking about your book about the new satellite and everything else and now you're erasing it all.
BG: That's right, don't you think that that's what these machines are about—this is what the whole science fiction world is about.
IC: Are we recording something for some particular purpose or are we just gonna erase this recording as well?
Fear.
BG: We're recording this for *Heavy Metal*—and this is what they should be interested in, the fact that you can do it, and you can say it, and you can wipe it out just as quickly—and that is what is happening through the whole science fiction world in fact—as you know, people who break into computer systems have only to make one false move and they wipe out whole sections of that computer's memory.
IC: Either a false move or a correct move, depending on your point of view.
BG: Well, it's mostly children who've broken into these systems like that—that Ivy League boys' school where they broke in and destroyed the whole Canadian intelligence system by just pushing the wrong button—they did, they knocked out the whole Canadian intelligence memory bank—*by telephone!* They picked up the telephone and did it. So this is what we're all now branched into, these possibilities . . .
The answer to the Riddle of the Ages has actually been out on the street since the First Step in Space.
IC: One of your main things has always been to erase the word . . .
BG: Yeah, well, that's what we're doing right now.
IC: So now you're erasing so I have to put up with that (laughter). But I mean, don't you really want to erase the word so you can re-write the word?
BG: When I say erase the word, I mean erase the fucking word—wipe it out.
Who runs may read but few people run fast enough.
IC: But, still, you're putting out books—
BG: You realize that it doesn't have my name as the author—it says, '*Here to Go*—Brion Gysin interviewed by Terry Wilson.' He's the author, not me.
IC: Well, maybe the machine did it.
What are we here for? Does the great metaphysical nut revolve around that?
BG: A machine could very well be the author—and my whole idea in regard to—this is all touching what is supposed to be the roots of language and poetry—I wanted to call that Machine Poetry. Everyone's toenails crisped up in horror at the idea. They thought it was a contradiction, so they've called it '*Poésie Sonore*' or something like that . . . .
IC: I must say that it sounds a bit like snoring . . . .
BG: I snore all the way through it . . . . No, that's not the way to do it—it's mostly the shit that's caught off the air, that's caught by accident—they're swinging up there just as they're going to be swinging in space . . . . Well, *ooohhh* what the results are going to be . . . .
IC: What is this new *Bardo* book about?
Well, I'll crack it for you, right now.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE COMPANION

ART: CHRISTOPHER HOFFMAN/ WRITTEN BY BRAD BALFOUR


THIS MAN HAS NOWHERE TO GO. NO JOB. NO FUTURE... FOR THE MOMENT. BUT SHORTLY, HE WILL DRIVE DOWN THE LONG ROAD LEADING STRAIGHT TO... THE TWILIGHT ZONE COMPANION (BY MARC SCOTT ZICREE, BANTAM).
WHAT'S THIS AHEAD?
WHY... MY FUTURE! I DEVELOP A FANTASY/SF SHOW WHICH IN THREE SEASONS BECOMES A LEGEND AND I A STAR! BUT... IT ENDS, A VICTIM OF SCHEDULING, DEADLINE DEMANDS, AND BUDGET.
HMM. ACCORDING TO THIS OVERVIEW, MY SERIES AS A WHOLE INFLUENCES A GENERATION OF WRITERS, YET CERTAIN SHOWS FALL FLAT.
STILL, I'M IN DEMAND. WHAT'S THIS? I CAN'T MEET EXPECTATIONS MADE OF ME AS A PIONEER.
YES, DOOMED TO LIFE AS THE PHANTOM OF ENDLESS RE-RUNS, THE GHOST OF A GENIUS WHO INSPIRED A TELEVISION LEGEND AND A TRIBUTE... THE TWILIGHT ZONE COMPANION.
AT LEAST I'M NOT CONDEMNED TO SUFFER TODAY'S STUDIO EXECS COMMISSIONING LOVE BOATS FROM ME.

Ira Cohen (chain) and Brion Gysin (freckles) compare nose sizes.
Photo by Anne Nordmann

"There's no way of writing about modern society, or the psychological situation that we find ourselves in, that doesn't have some relation to science fiction."

BG: That's about the kind of inner space that the Tibetans, and others like the Egyptians, thought occurred after death—a space in which one found oneself, things are remembered like they're remembered in a museum essentially, things that are ridiculous and so-called valuable things are collected and hung up on walls, or put under glass cases and things like that, which is a sort of an afterlife, after all for all those objects there from all times. Human beings have considered that they also might have a museum-type afterlife. So the book is really called *Beat Museum—Bardo Hotel*. The hotel where that whole gang lived in the 1950's-60's like that.

What are we here for? We are *here to go!*

IC: So you're talking about William Burroughs, Ian Sommerville and Harold Norse and—

BG: And Ginsey Ginsberg—

IC: And Corso—

BG: Corsey Corso and all those people. Kerouac who stayed a night and couldn't get a room to sleep in, he just came into the bistro.

IC: So what did he do, he just left?

Nobody can rush in and say: "Gimme the Keys!"

BG: He left and wrote the whole book called *Satori in Paris* or something like that, like he'd been refused....

IC: Did you see him?

BG: Never laid eyes on him ...—Master-Master....

IC: There's a certain progression in all your books from *Minutes to Go* to *Here to Go* ... out into space .... *Minutes to Go* is somehow an expression of horror about the fact that we have only a few minutes left before it is all over, right?

BG: Well, yes, practically, yes, yes....

The Bardo Hotel is all hotels

IC: And then *Here to Go* is really about the fact that we're here to go out into space.

BG: That's right, right.

IC: And the *Bardo*?

BG: Which is the past being a museum, called Beat Museum as if all that bullshit were gathered together, and Bardo Hotel as if the Tibetans had an inside track on what the future's going to be. However you imagine it, this may be the place where you find yourself, so it's a story about all of us and whatever dreadful mental mistakes you make along the way...

You check in and check out and there goes a lifetime

IC: But you are erasing just as you go along....

BG: Always, always.

IC: Just as you erased this tape that we just made.

BG: Rubbing out the very words—would you like to stop and hear some of *those* words? We could hear a blast of *(tape cuts ahead)* a culture symbol.

The Bardo has 49 rooms on seven floors.

IC: Well, how as a writer can you compete with this descending potentiality?

BG: You can't, you can't—you can't get right to ears. You're using your eyes, and mouthing these words with your mouth or your mind or whatever—you get into another kind of state if you like, but essentially the big mass of people are always, always have been, and always will be turned on by ears.

IC: But somehow the idea of the cut-up technique seems—

BG: Well, the idea was to break in on a message being sent by Big Brother—a powerful state, state calling itself Culture—claiming to have very ancient roots in national origins and things like that. By disrupting language as a symbol system one gets some kind of reaction from them. It was essentially an experiment which is still going on, an experiment which failed, but which is still going on. Obviously, the world didn't blow up because I was fucking up their message lines—they had other ways, like they went into transistors and miniaturization—they're getting so *small*, so *tiny*, like that, where people are making an hour's broadcast into a minute's broadcast and it's down to tiny fractions of seconds — pico-second broadcasts are enough to carry the DNA message in a chromosome cell arrangement—these messages can essentially be reduced to very, very sharp and almost imperceptible directions in life—and as we all know, we all know the situation is fucked.

Any temporary resident may spend a day and a night in each room but then must leave.

IC: Do you consider yourself a science fiction writer?

BG: Ah, anybody who is going to write about anything has to consider an element of science fiction in it. There's no way of writing about modern society, or the psychological situation that we find ourselves in, that doesn't have some relation to science fiction. Almost all of the science fiction of the past—I mean through the nineteenth century, let's take the rather neglected case of Jules Verne. *Everything* that he predicted has come true, everything, just everything—undersea submarines, voyages to the moon and so on, and nobody's even studied where this came from—how did he get this kind of information which has proven to be so true? Everything, naturally, has to have a science fiction angle. Science fiction has gotten itself out in left field and become a sort of chapel with their pseudo-mystical attachments and their use of the symbol systems that exist out of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* or the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*—but I mean, why not? Those are very interesting angles.

It is up to the client whether or not to come back again....

IC: Well, in this book that you did with Terry Wilson, one aspect that I find quite interesting is that you decided to *tell* this book to Terry.

BG: More than half the creation was due to him, and his re-arrangement of all the pieces and his very intelligent addition of texts point up what's just been talked about in conversation. It's a book like no other, it's a brand new kind of book—most of the reviews that have been written about it in England say it's a brand new kind of a book, nobody's ever seen this kind of book before—it's a book which both talks and shows with pictures and explains itself and is commented upon by its own texts which are backed up by both Burroughs and by me—it's a really new kind of deal and beautifully presented, too.

IC: You say that we're here to go and that's what this book is called: *Here to Go: Planet R-101*, right, and your

ROY KRENKEL

Illustration by Roy Krenkel

Roy Krenkel, a giant among contemporary illustrators, died on February 24, 1983, following a two-year battle with cancer. He was 64. Born in New York City in 1918, Krenkel lived there all his life (except for the years he spent in the Philippines during WWII). He received his early art training at the Art Students' League, studying with famed anatomy teacher George Bridgeman, and after returning from the war, studied with Burne Hogarth at the Cartoonists and Illustrators' School (later the School of Visual Arts).

Although he was a consummate pen draftsman, Krenkel was never as well known as Frank Frazetta, Al Williamson, Michael Kaluta, or Jeff Jones, despite his formative influence on the careers of all four—and indeed, his influence on at least two generations of illustrators. Krenkel's artistic trademarks were his superbly detailed fantasy cityscapes, heavy-hipped odalisques, and beautifully realized portraits of dinosaurs and primitive peoples. They appeared, in some form or another, in all his published work, from the sf comics he did in collaboration with Williamson and Frazetta in the fifties, to the Ace series of Burroughs covers he painted in the early sixties, to the lavishly illustrated volumes of R.E. Howard stories he produced in the seventies, and in the countless hundreds of doodles and small drawings which appeared in fanzines throughout that time.

Krenkel was the epitome of the bohemian artist, a man who despised organized authority, kept up a running battle with the phone company, and submitted to the draft very reluctantly. His great loves were his art prints, books, and collection of toys. His friends remember him as an hilarious storyteller, kindly, open, gregarious, and extremely generous with his time and opinions. He was modest to a fault; despite his own talent, he never felt that his work measured up to that of his friends.

Al Williamson said of him shortly after his death: "He never said an unkind word about anybody. If he couldn't say anything good about somebody, he just wouldn't say it. He would never, never, just put somebody down, saying he's no good, or he can't draw, or anything like that. He also influenced some of my thinking, some of my character. He opened up my mind to a sense of humor, he made me think—like he was the father I never had, or the big brother I never had. So, everything rolled up—a good friend, a brother, a father." While Frank Frazetta remembered him this way, "He lifted your spirits. He was always a lot of laughs. There was never a quarrel, or a bad mood. To have Roy around was to have fun, to have a party, and coffee klatches, and good food. God, he was something else again . . . We began to see the good in each other, and appreciate each other's opinions more and more through the years. We really had heavy arguments, but with a chuckle. I know Ellie (Frazetta) loved him, and I never met anybody that didn't like him. He was very, very special. I don't know of anybody in this world—and this is gospel truth—that I loved as much as him."

—S.C. Ringgenberg

new book is about—

BG: *How to Go*, it's called *How to Go*—

Pick a spot and land in the dark.

IC: Well, can you give us any tips?

BG: Well, I must say, shamelessly, that I've picked up most of the tips from the *Bardo Thodol*, the Egyptians up there in the mountains.

IC: Tibetans.

BG: Same bullshit, same bullshit—it's amusingly, intelligently and in a very sophisticated way to the point—you read the book with delight . . .

IC: Well, do you think that the ancients knew that we were here to go?

BG: We all know that we're going to die—why, we don't know and what's gonna happen, we don't know, but we have a fairly good guess that it's better to have a body than not to have one, whether it's going to be made out of some incandescent metal or whatever. The one we've got right now, this is the one that interests us. But all the ways out, essentially all the science fiction comic book sort of thing is an extension of religious thinking—these are chapbooks of how to consider the fact that you're not immortal—we might all want to be, it's an interesting thought but you're not.

Switch it back to the former image.

IC: Yes, it's true in science fiction that you find an extension of religious thinking. I don't know where else you would find it in contemporary writing.

BG: Nowhere, I mean, nobody's going to put up with all those other kinds of trampled down bullshit and this seems to a lot of young people to be a new way of looking at an impossible future.

(Excerpts from *Here to Go*.)

PINHEAD'S PROGRESS

Begin with a box of Devil Dogs and a bottle of taco sauce. Then ask yourself, "Am I having fun yet?" If the answer is no, then you aren't holding an issue of **Bill Griffith's *Zippy*** or ***Yow*** comics on your lap. Either that, or you don't know how to read.

Zippy the Pinhead burst—or, more appropriately, wandered—onto the underground comix scene sometime between Nixon and Reagan; say, half-past Carter. In his polka-dotted shift and top-knotted hair (nine strands only, thank you), Zippy the Pinhead, with his endearing two-days growth of stubble, was a cinch to win our hearts. What other comic character deciphers the secrets of the universe from the spin cycles of his local laundromat? Or claims his favorite dinner is three sirloin steaks and a container of Cool Whip? (Devil Dogs and taco sauce come in second.)

Zippy's origins are shrouded in a haze of beets and ketchup. At great risk of brain damage and stunting my growth, I scanned every episode of his adventures, and determined that Zippy was born in Levittown; that his father's name was Harry; and that he recently converted his life savings into quarters to be compatible with video games. But to know these facts is not to know Zippy, who commented while strolling the avenues of Disneyland, "I want to kill everybody here

Wisdom From the Head of a Pin

"All life is a blur of Republicans and meat."

—I HIJACKED A 747 TO GET HERE!! I HOPE THOSE FABULOUS CONEHEADS ARE AT HOME!!
DAN AKYROYD
JANE CURTIN
LARAINE NEWMAN
the CONEHEADS

Zippy visits the set of *Saturday Night Live* to deliver this week's Conehead script.

"Laundry is in the fifth dimension."

"I feel like I'm in a toilet bowl with a thumbtack in my forehead."

"Did I remember to Xerox my undershirts?"

"Why is there a waffle in my pajama pocket?"

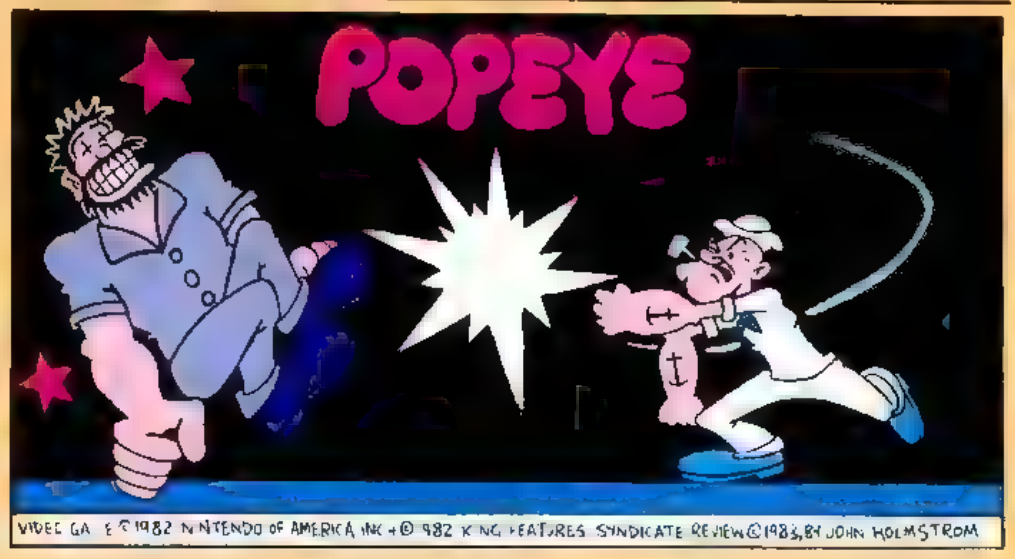
with a cute and colorful hydrogen bomb," and who once instructed Liberace, "Play anything by Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders."

Bill Griffith has run existential despair and Dadaism through a blender and ended up with a bunch of stories that are more fun to read now (half-past Reagan, we hope) than they were the first time around. Or maybe, like Zippy, I am now ready to report for duty as a modern person. But all credit to Griffith, who bears the distinction of having created the only merchandisable Absurdist character in the history of the planet and between you and me, I'd like to take a Zippy stamp and tattoo every Smurf, Snoopy and Strawberry Shortcake until they wish they'd never been patented. At least the Zippy calendar tells you what month it is.

Zippy novices should start off with *Yows* 1 and 2, which not only have Zippy's greatest (?) interludes, but also are printed on soft paper so you can't hurt yourself. Less satisfying is the trade paperback ***Nation of Pinheads*** (And/Or Press), which consists of the four-panel strips Griffith issues through ZIPSYND to newspapers somewhere in the third dimension. It also costs more—and you'll need some change for a can or two of Cool Whip. Yow!

—Michael S. Barson

(More Zippy gear than you can shake a stick at—including posters, rubber stamps, postcards, buttons, T-shirts, calendars, a baseball jersey, and, natch, some comics—are available from Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94110. Send a dollar for a complete catalog.)



POPEYE THE VIDEO GAME IS VERY FAITHFUL TO THE MYTH OF POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN. IT CONTAINS ALL OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENTS: THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE BETWEEN POPEYE, OLIVE AND BRUTUS (A.K.A. BLUTO), THE EATING OF SPINACH THAT LEADS TO THE RETRIBUTION GIVEN BRUTUS BY POPEYE, AND THAT POPEYE WILL DO ANY STUPID THING OLIVE WANTS HIM TO.

THE STORY IS TOLD IN THREE PARTS. IN THE FIRST, OLIVE THROWS HEARTS INTO THE AIR WHICH POPEYE HAS TO CATCH, IN A SETTING REMINISCENT OF ROBERT ALTMAN'S MOVIE ADAPTATION. THE SECOND BOARD FEATURES GUEST APPEARANCES BY WIMPY AND SWEE'PEA IN A STREET SCENE IN WHICH POPEYE MUST TOUCH MUSICAL NOTES. IN THE FINAL SCENARIO, HE HAS TO CATCH OLIVE'S CRIES OF H.E.L.P. AND RESCUE HER FROM THE SEA HAG'S PIRATE SHIP. BRUTUS AND THE HAG PESTER POPEYE THROUGHOUT THE GAME. YOU PLAY THE ROLE OF THE SPINACH-EATER, WHICH IS NO SURPRISE, SINCE IT'S HARD TO EMPATHIZE WITH THE OTHER CHARACTERS.

POPEYE IS A GOOD VIDEO GAME. THE GRAPHICS ARE GREAT—MUCH BETTER THAN ANY OF THE MADE-FOR-T.V. CARTOONS THAT HAVE BEEN CRANKED OUT OVER THE LAST THIRTY YEARS. THERE'S ENOUGH ACTION TO KEEP ANYONE BUSY FROM BEGINNING TO END, AND THERE ARE NO PATTERNS OR FORMULAS TO WINNING.

POPEYE IS THE ORIGINAL AND GREATEST SUPERHERO OF ALL TIME (HE'S STRONGER THAN SUPERMAN, SPIDERMAN, GIANT-MAN, CONAN, WONDER WOMAN, THOR OR THE HULK), AS WELL AS THE MOST FAMOUS HEALTH FOOD ADVOCATE AND VEGETARIAN EVER (WIMPY IS THE ONE WHO'S ALWAYS EATING MEAT), AND A CHAMPION OF "WIMMEN'S" RIGHTS (I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T MIND IF JUST ONCE, OLIVE OYL GOT HERSELF OUT OF HER PREDICAMENT).

IT'S NICE TO THINK THAT A CHARACTER WHO GREW UP FROM A COMIC STRIP REMAINS AN ENDEARING AND POWERFUL ICON IN TODAY'S DAY AND AGE. WHAT'S DEPRESSING IS THAT THERE IS NO ONE LIKE POPEYE IN TODAY'S NEW COMIC STRIPS AND THAT MODERN WRITERS, ARTISTS, AND PUBLISHERS ARE CONTENT WITH THAT.

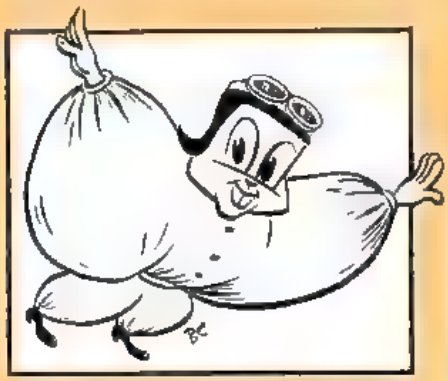
—JOHN HOLMSTROM

CRYPTICA

Illustrated by Bruce Carleton

Ham an Ex • A moment of silence, please. The first American who boldly went where no man had dared to go, is gone. Ham is dead. Surrounded by banana-skins and rubber tires, he passed quietly away last month in a North Carolina zoo. He was twenty-six—no mean age for a chimp. Ham, it was, who first went up in a Mercury capsule on January 31, 1961, to investigate the stresses and strains of space flight. His performance was outstanding. But then he'd received the best training possible—any time he pushed the wrong button or pulled the wrong lever he'd get an electric shock through his feet. Once aloft it was the Redstone rocket that screwed up, accelerating so fast that it overshot splashdown-zero by more than a hundred miles, nearly drowning its simian payload. When Ham was finally gotten aboard the recovery ship, it took so long to prise him out of the tin can he nearly died again—this time of boredom. Now that he's soaring permanently in the great eternal orbit beyond the sky, you'd think that his troubles would be over. But, here on Earth his bones go to Washington for study, his skin gets stuffed and exhibited at the Space Hall of Fame in New Mexico, and what's left gets incinerated.

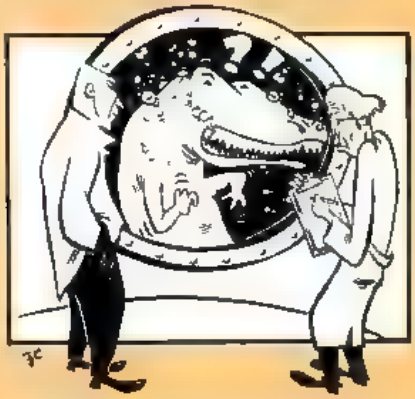
Flower Power • If the Russkies really are into toxic water sports—chemical weapons commonly known as Yellow Rain—in Afghanistan and Kampuchea, they're being devilishly clever about it. As everyone knows, the poison biospray they allegedly use occurs often enough in nature that they can disclaim responsibility. Even more ingenious, however, is the way they spread the murderous stuff—infusing tiny, densely-packed grains of pollen into it. When the spray dries into a powder, the pollen (extracted from daisies and chrysanthemums) helps disperse the toxin into victims' breathing passages. Watch for Soviet theories on the rising incidence of death from acute hay fever in those countries.



Blow Job • If getting high, going to discos, or skydiving just doesn't get you off anymore, this might. Combining elements of all three, the latest craze-in-the-bud is a recreational indoor wind tunnel now operating in Las Vegas. First you dress up like a flying squirrel in a suit designed to catch air. On top you wear a helmet with inbuilt piped music. Then you step inside a great enclosed chamber, in which a monster propeller at the bottom blows air upward. Leaping into the middle, you spread your arms and float. The machine looks like a giant Cuisinart, but you're protected from being churned into human juice by air cushions and a strategically placed safety net.

Mommie Nearest • Are mothers becoming extinct? Those of us old-fashioned enough to have enjoyed a mom may feel kinda coy and nostalgic about preserving the species. But then, we're just prejudiced. These days test-tubes and stuffed toys do the job more efficiently. For instance, at the UCLA Institute for Medical Engineering they're using breathing teddy bears to remind new-borns and premature infants when to inhale and exhale. Containing built-in air bladders fed by a variable speed pump, the cuddly bears are placed near babies in incubators to rhythmically breathe down their little wrinkled necks. It's not known if the kids grow up with a predilection for making dirty phone calls. • Baby penguins, too, are being similarly liberated. Scientists at the Hubbs-Sea World Institute in San Diego have found that hatching and rearing chicks without real-live parents makes 'em more docile and manipulable. Problem is, little emperor penguins like to sit at their parents' feet covered by folds of abdominal skin. Their solution: a giant stuffed dog in place of a living adult bird.

3-D Diet • The Florida doctor had an elaborate aversion therapy theory, but the cops weren't buying it. They busted the man for selling (at twenty-five bucks each) a revolutionary new diet-aid device of his own design: cheap glasses with one red lens and one blue lens. The idea being that if the food looks strange, you won't eat it. Of course, that depends on how many Chinese restaurants you've been to. But maybe it had worked in double-blind tests.



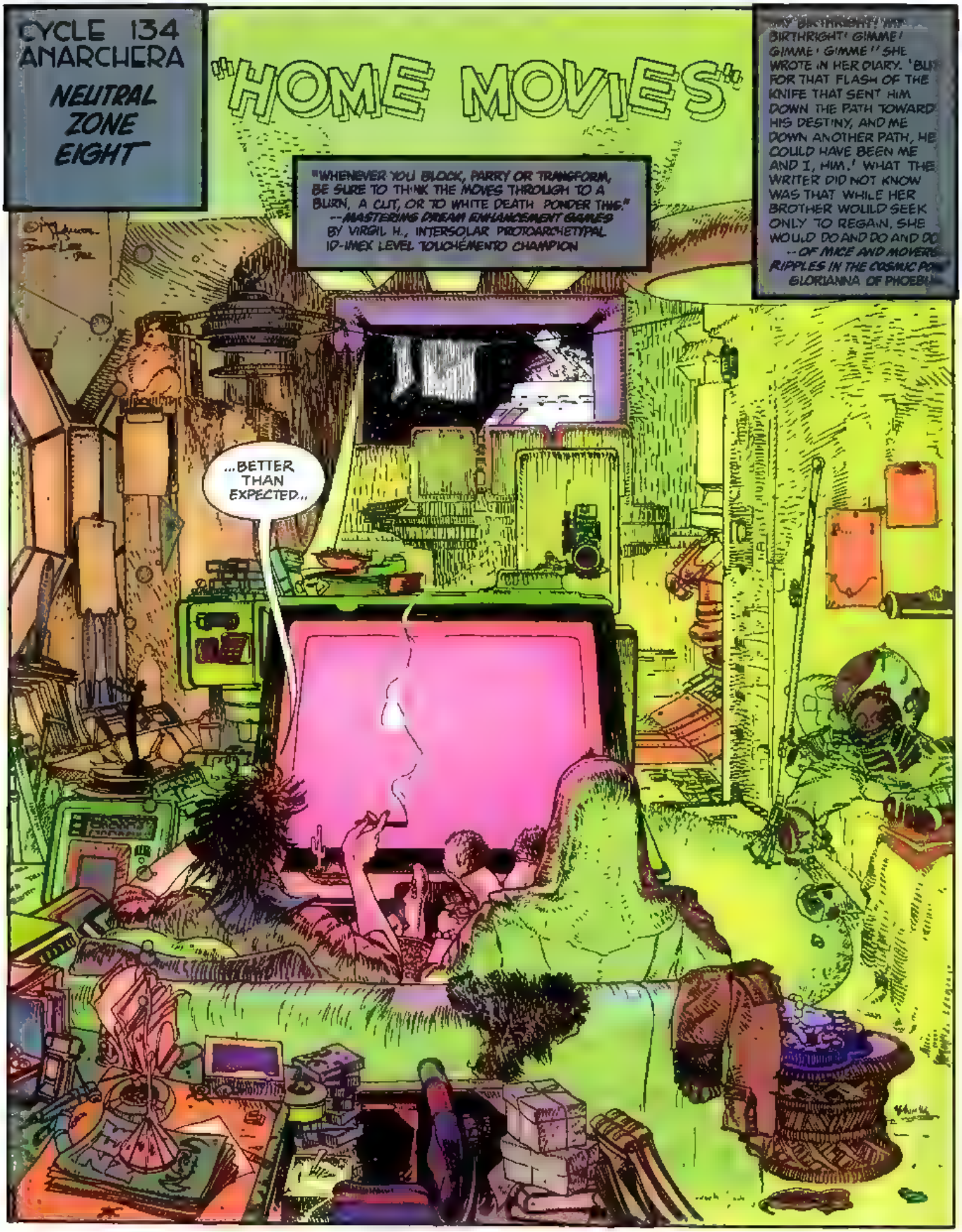
Scotch and Sonar • Nessie, or Nessiteras Rhombopteryx (alias the Loch Ness Monster), Scotland's greatest tourist attraction, rears her shadowy form one step closer to reality. Sonar experts, using state-of-the-art equipment, have sounded Loch Ness waters deeper and longer than ever before, and they reckon something's there. Here's why: for once, the researchers stayed put over the Loch's deepest area and monitored underwater traffic, learning to discount irrelevant signals and training their ears below thirty meters (the deepest detectable layer of fish). In one instance, the large object they encountered dived from sixty-nine meters to a hundred-fourteen meters in sixty-eight seconds. Now, assuming this wasn't some Russian submarine fresh from strategic Swedish waters, what the hell was it? The scientists are being cautious. "We have not found monsters, we have not disproved them, but have shown that there is still a case to answer." One important fact: the investigation was not financed by the Scottish Tourist Board.

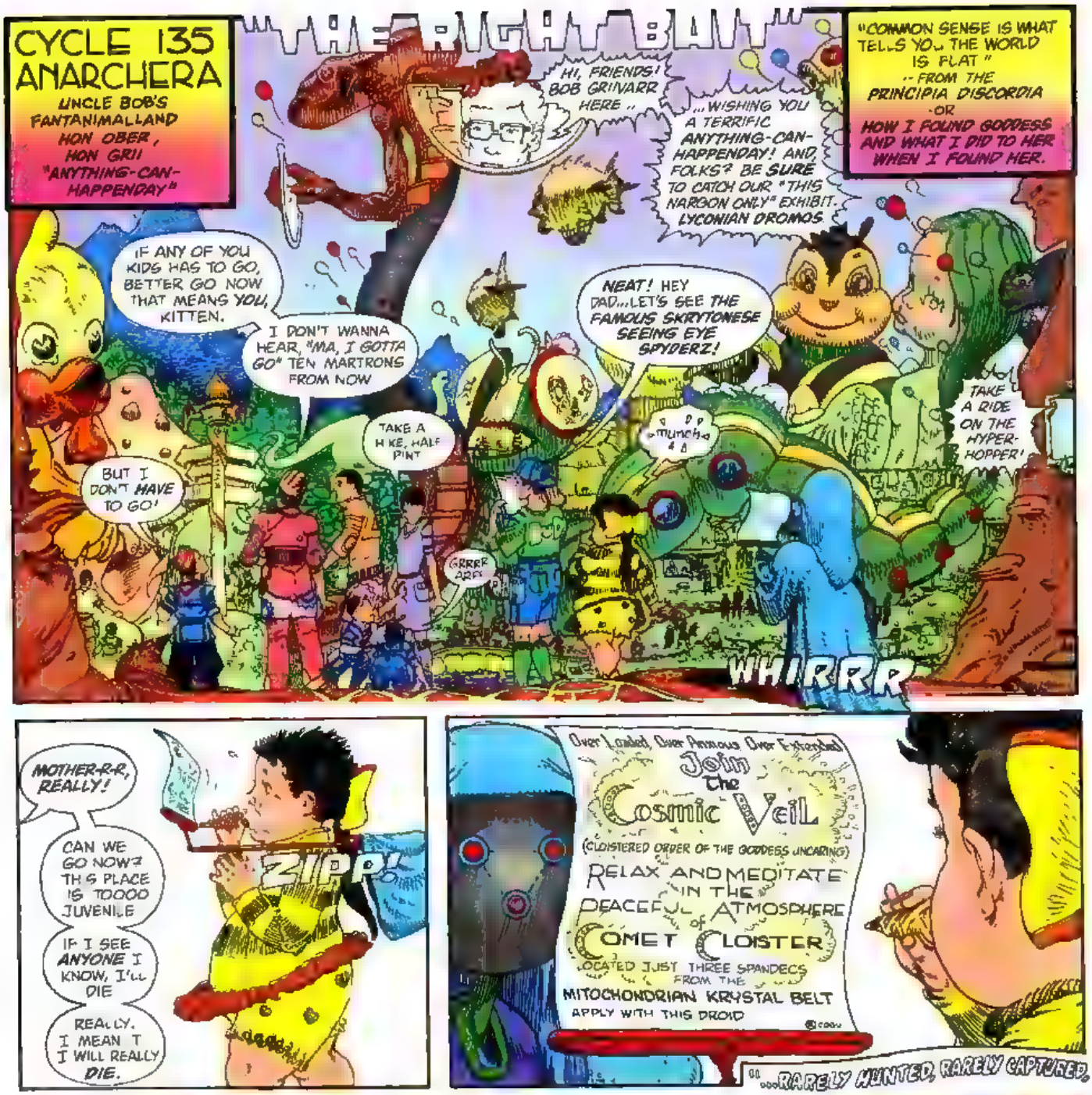
—Malik Kaylan

STARSTRUCK

WRITTEN BY *ELAINE LEE* ILLUSTRATED BY *M. W. KALUTA*
LETTERED BY *TODD KLEIN*

LAST TIME, SQUADRON 4 BATTLED WITH THE VERCADIANS IN NEUTRAL ZONE 8. STRUCK BY A QUASAR BEAM FROM BASE 9, WIPING OUT MAMA SPANK, COOKIE AND BRUCILLA WERE HURLED INTO PORT-O BOY 16 BY A ZOO-VILO BALL.


CYCLE 134
ANARCHERA
NEUTRAL ZONE EIGHT
"HOME MOVIES"
"WHENEVER YOU BLOCK, PARRY OR TRANSFORM, BE SURE TO THINK THE MOVES THROUGH TO A BURN, A CUT, OR TO WHITE DEATH. PONDER THIS."
--MASTERING DREAM ENHANCEMENT GAMES BY VIRGIL H., INTERSOLAR PROTOARCHETYPAL 10-IMEX LEVEL TOUCHEMENTO CHAMPION
...BETTER THAN EXPECTED...
BIRTHRIGHT! BIRTHRIGHT! GIMME! GIMME! GIMME!" SHE WROTE IN HER DIARY. 'BUT FOR THAT FLASH OF THE KNIFE THAT SENT HIM DOWN THE PATH TOWARD HIS DESTINY, AND ME DOWN ANOTHER PATH, HE COULD HAVE BEEN ME AND I, HIM.' WHAT THE WRITER DID NOT KNOW WAS THAT WHILE HER BROTHER WOULD SEEK ONLY TO REGAIN, SHE WOULD DO AND DO AND DO
--OF MICE AND MOVERS: RIPPLES IN THE COSMIC PO
GLORIANNA OF PHOEBU

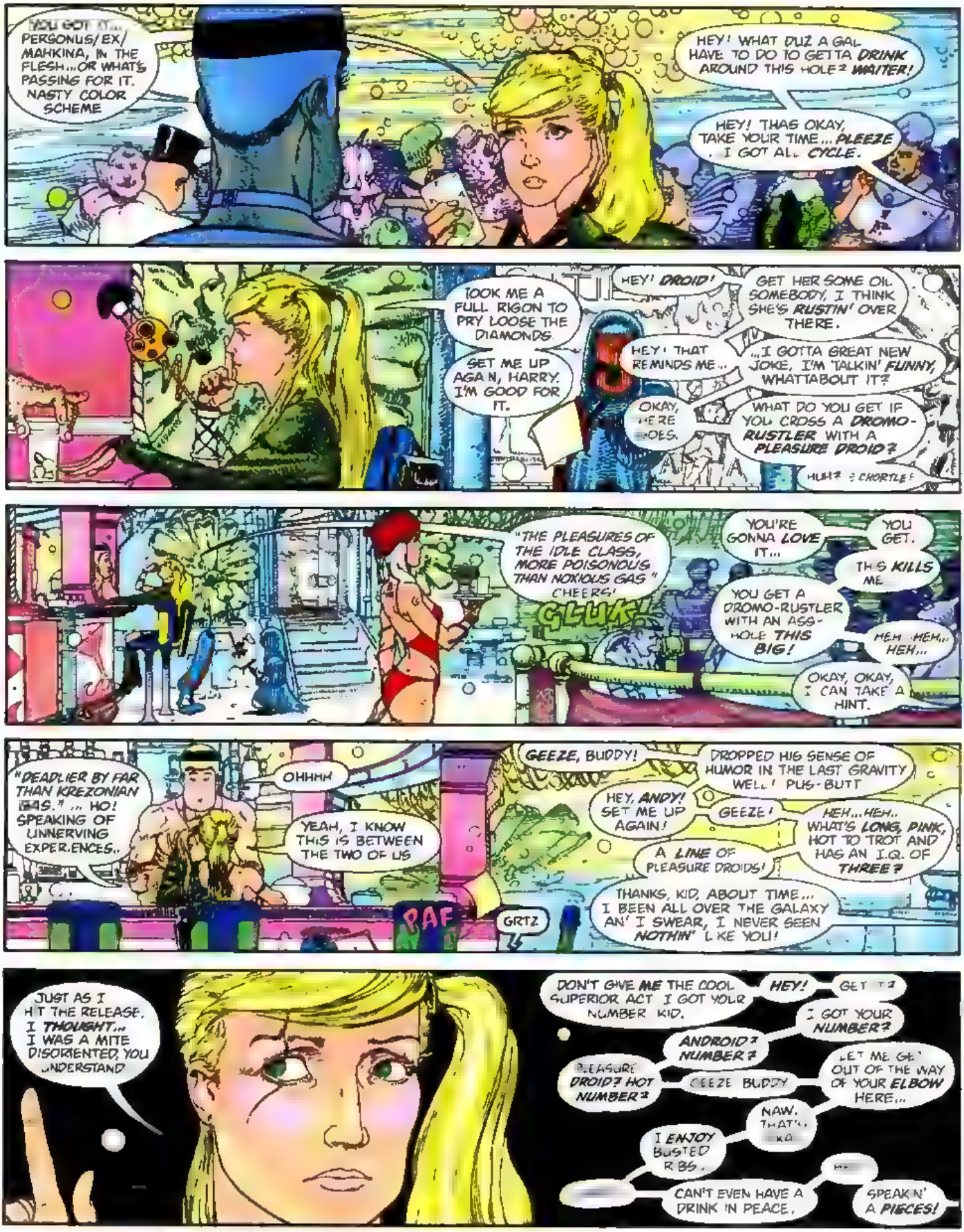

CYCLE 135
ANARCHERA
UNCLE BOB'S FANTANIMALLAND
HON OBER, HON GRII
"ANYTHING-CAN-HAPPENDAY"
THE RIGHT BAIT
HI, FRIENDS! BOB GRIIVARR HERE..
...WISHING YOU A TERRIFIC ANYTHING-CAN-HAPPENDAY! AND, FOLKS? BE SURE TO CATCH OUR "THIS NARGON ONLY" EXHIBIT. LYCONIAN DROMOS
"COMMON SENSE IS WHAT TELLS YOU THE WORLD IS FLAT" -- FROM THE PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA -OR HOW I FOUND GODDESS AND WHAT I DID TO HER WHEN I FOUND HER.
IF ANY OF YOU KIDS HAS TO GO, BETTER GO NOW THAT MEANS YOU, KITTEN.
I DON'T WANNA HEAR, "MA, I GOTTA GO" TEN MARTRONS FROM NOW
BUT I DON'T HAVE TO GO!
TAKE A HIKE, HALF PINT
GRRRR ARF!
NEAT! HEY DAD...LET'S SEE THE FAMOUS SKRYTONESE SEEING EYE SPYDERZ!
munch munch
TAKE A RIDE ON THE HYPER-HOPPER!
WHIRRR
MOTHER-R-R, REALLY!
CAN WE GO NOW? THIS PLACE IS TOOOO JUVENILE
IF I SEE ANYONE I KNOW, I'LL DIE
REALLY. I MEAN I WILL REALLY DIE.
ZIPP!
Over Loaded, Over Nervous Over Extended
Join the Cosmic Veil
(CLOISTERED ORDER OF THE GODDESS UNCARING)
RELAX AND MEDITATE IN THE PEACEFUL ATMOSPHERE OF COMET CLOISTER
LOCATED JUST THREE SPANDECS FROM THE MITOCHONDRIAN KRYSTAL BELT
APPLY WITH THIS DROID
©cccu
"...RARELY HUNTED, RARELY CAPTURED,
MOM?
AQUACADE
RARELY KILLED, THE RIDICULOUSLY DESTRUCTIVE WRENCH IN FACE-EATERS OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR TOUPEES OR SMALL THROW RUGS ARE NOT TO BE FOOLED WITH. THEIR DIET CONSISTS OF..."

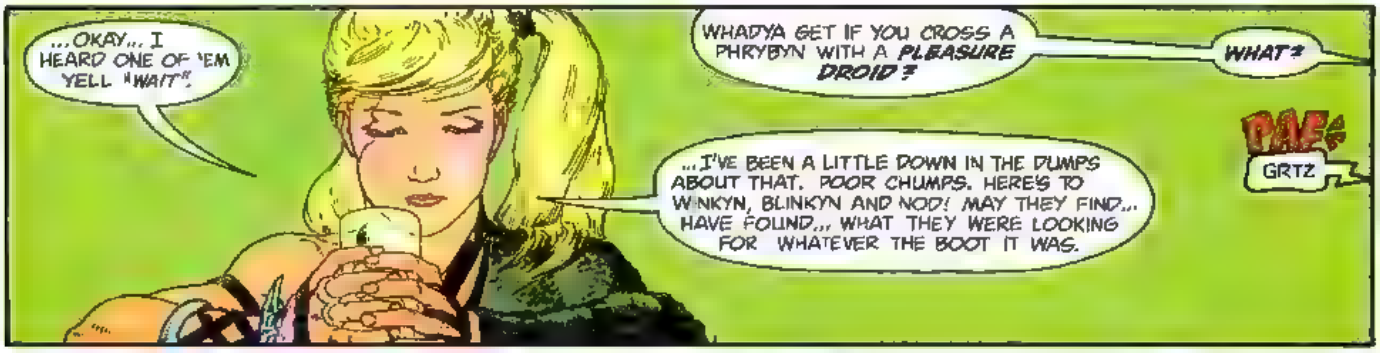
AQUACAT
NYTS
PAGING MR GRINZZ, MR HIRAM GRINZZ,
HEL-LO LITTLE BUDDY, HAVING A GOOD TIME?
JUST THINK A QUESTION
HOW'S THE WATER?
HEL-LO LITTLE BUDDY HAV-NG A GOOD TIME?
"...THE FACES OF ALL SENTIENT CREATURES DON'T TAP ON THE GLASS, LITTLE BOY..."
CATCH THE FLOATING RING WIN A FOOD PELLET. FEED THE MYSTIC NYTS THINK A QUESTION
HOW'S THE WATER?
NICE TRY, LITTLE BUDDY. JUMP A TEENSY BIT HIGHER NEXT TIME AND... UH-OH... WHAT IS THIS WE'VE FOUND?
GUESS WE GET A FREE THINK!
JUST FEED THE NYTS...
munch
MUSTN'T EAT THE PELLET LI'L BUDDY...
DING
munch.
MUSTN'T EAT!
DING
munch
HEY! LITTLE BUDDY!
OH, NO
DING
munch!
HOW'S THE WATER? I don't really thinnnnk...
...HI, FRIENDS... WET ENOUGH FOR YOU...
HYELLO! THIS IS HIRAM GRINZZ
bob grin, WE HAVE A WINNAH!!
WHOO LEEEEES THEEES
HUBBA HUBBA! I WONDER HOW FISH...
WHO'S THOIS ARE THESE?
WHO'S YA'RYA
IT'S TERRIFIC!
ONE NARGON ONLY... SEEING EYE SPYDERZ FROM...

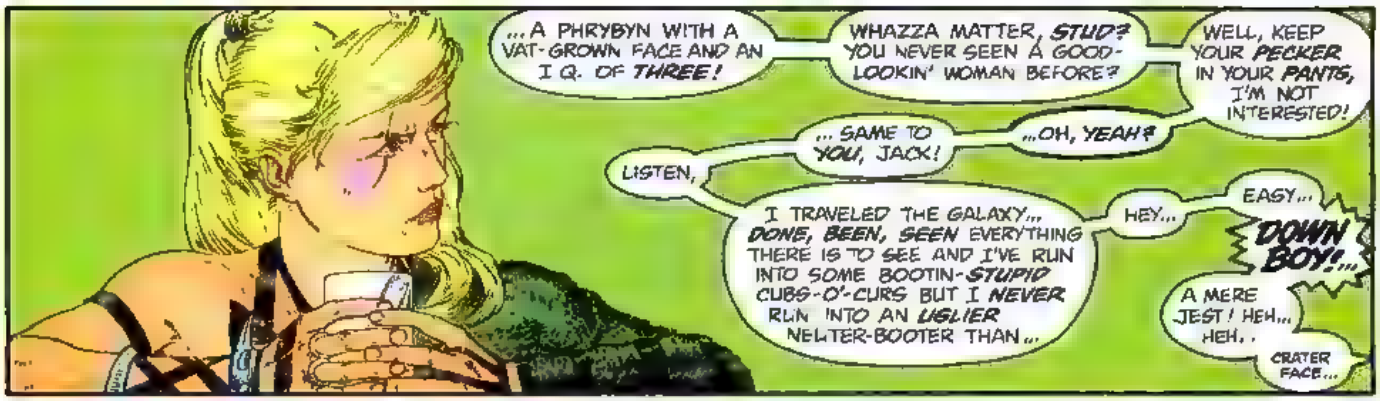
NEXT STELLER-COPTER FOR HA-OE VAAR, VAAR ENOF, AND VE D'VARR DEPARTING 2G MARTRONS FROM NOW. THIS IS BOB GRIVARR WISHING YOU A SAFE TRIP HOME
SHE MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE
MA! I GOTTA GO!
REALLY ROVER, YOU'RE ACHIN' FOR A BREAKIN'!
ARF!
HI BUD... THOSE SPYDERZ WERE SOMETHING, HUH?
WET ENOUGH FOR YA?
...SEE THE MYSTIC NYTS. THINK A QUESTION.
HOWZ THE WEATHER IN THERE?
NOK-NOK
HOW'S THE WATER?
SPLOSH
YIP!
IT'S BRONWYN!!

CYCLE 140
ANARCHERA
LANDING BAY SEVENTEEN
RECREATION STATION 97
MINER ONE-NINER-YOU'RE GO FOR SOFT LANDING TEN RIBECS AND COUNTING. OVER..
ROGER-ROONY, BAY 17. OVER
MINER ONE-NINER WE'VE GOT PRIORITY REQUEST TO ASSAY ASTEROID FOR TRACE MINERALS, OVER..
NEGATORY ON PRIOR TY, BAY 17.. ASTEROID PURE PLATINUM, 600 MEGA-MILOS. REQUEST OPEN MARKET BIDDING; OVER...
600 MEGA-MILOSZ! WHAAA--
I. "THE MOCHER IS PARADOX EVER-PRESENT AND NEVER CHERE WHEN YOU NEED HER"
--FIRST TENET OF THE COSMIC VEIL, CLOISTERED ORDER OF THE GODDESS JACARINA
II. "THE MOCHER IS PARADOX EVER-PRESENT AND NEVER CHERE WHEN YOU NEED HER"
--THIRD TENET OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE DROWNING 1546, A FICTIONAL RELIGION INTRODUCED IN THE BEST SELLING MIND SPHERE FROM THE PLANET XENON BY HUGO AWARD WINNING AUTHOR ROBBIE LEE ELLIS
KAH-RASH!!
RUMBLE
SMASH!
CRUMBLE
THUD.

CYCLE 140
AMARCHERA
SECTION W3 LEVEL 42
THE VALE OF TIERS
REC STATION 97
"I ATE A WHOLE FUNNEL CAKE..."
"WHAT YOU DO AT GUN-POINT WILL DEPEND ON BOTH YOUR BASIC NATURE AND THE SPEED OF THE BULLET WHERE YOU LAND AFTER THE JUMP IS 'WHERE YOU ARE'. 'WHERE YOU ARE' IS THE ONLY STARTING POINT YOU HAVE FOR ANY ACT OF FREE WILL YOU CAN SEE THE CONNECTION."
- FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH THE GREAT MOTHER BY BROWWYN, FIFTH LEVEL SISTER OF THE COSMIC VEIL, CLOISTERED ORDER OF THE GODDESS UNCARING
MUSEUM
EMPORIUM
PAF
GRTZ
AW GO JUMP UP A HOG'S BUTT AN GRAB A HAM SANDWICH!

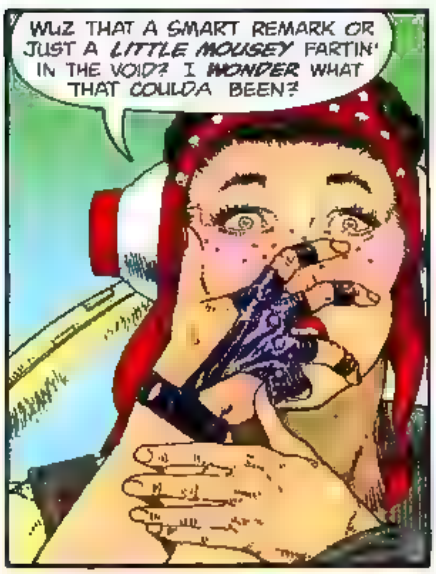

YOU GOT AT... PERSONUS/EX/MAHKINA, IN THE FLESH...OR WHAT'S PASSING FOR IT. NASTY COLOR SCHEME
HEY! WHAT DUZ A GAL HAVE TO DO TO GETTA DRINK AROUND THIS HOLE? WAITER!
HEY! THAS OKAY, TAKE YOUR TIME... PLEEZE I GOT ALL CYCLE.
TOOK ME A FULL RIGON TO PRY LOOSE THE DIAMONDS
SET ME UP AGA N, HARRY. I'M GOOD FOR IT.
HEY! DROID!
GET HER SOME OIL SOMEBODY, I THINK SHE'S RUSTIN' OVER THERE.
HEY! THAT REMINDS ME...
...I GOTTA GREAT NEW JOKE, I'M TALKIN' FUNNY, WHATTABOUT IT?
OKAY, HERE GOES.
WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU CROSS A DROMO-RUSTLER WITH A PLEASURE DROID?
HUH? CHORTLE!
"THE PLEASURES OF THE IDLE CLASS, MORE POISONOUS THAN NOXIOUS GAS" CHEERS!
GLUK!
YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT...
YOU GET.
THIS KILLS ME
YOU GET A DROMO-RUSTLER WITH AN ASS-HOLE THIS BIG!
HEH HEH... HEH...
OKAY, OKAY, I CAN TAKE A HINT.
"DEADLIER BY FAR THAN KREZONIAN GAS." ... HO! SPEAKING OF UNNERVING EXPER.ENCES..
OHHHH
YEAH, I KNOW THIS IS BETWEEN THE TWO OF US
PAF
GRTZ
GEEZE, BUDDY!
DROPPED HIS SENSE OF HUMOR IN THE LAST GRAVITY WELL! PUS-BUTT
HEY, ANDY! SET ME UP AGAIN!
GEEZE!
HEH...HEH.. WHAT'S LONG, PINK, HOT TO TROT AND HAS AN I.Q. OF THREE?
A LINE OF PLEASURE DROIDS!
THANKS, KID, ABOUT TIME... I BEEN ALL OVER THE GALAXY AN' I SWEAR, I NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE YOU!
JUST AS I HIT THE RELEASE, I THOUGHT... I WAS A MITE DISORIENTED, YOU UNDERSTAND
DON'T GIVE ME THE COOL SUPERIOR ACT I GOT YOUR NUMBER KID.
HEY!
GET IT?
I GOT YOUR NUMBER?
ANDROID? NUMBER?
PLEASURE DROID? HOT NUMBER?
GEEZE BUDDY
LET ME GET OUT OF THE WAY OF YOUR ELBOW HERE...
NAW. THAT'S KO
I ENJOY BUSTED RIBS.
CAN'T EVEN HAVE A DRINK IN PEACE.
SPEAKIN' A PIECES!


...OKAY... I HEARD ONE OF 'EM YELL "WAIT".
WHADYA GET IF YOU CROSS A PHRYBYN WITH A PLEASURE DROID?
WHAT?
...I'VE BEEN A LITTLE DOWN IN THE DUMPS ABOUT THAT. POOR CHUMPS. HERE'S TO WINKYN, BLINKYN AND NOD! MAY THEY FIND... HAVE FOUND... WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR WHATEVER THE BOOT IT WAS.
PAF
GRTZ

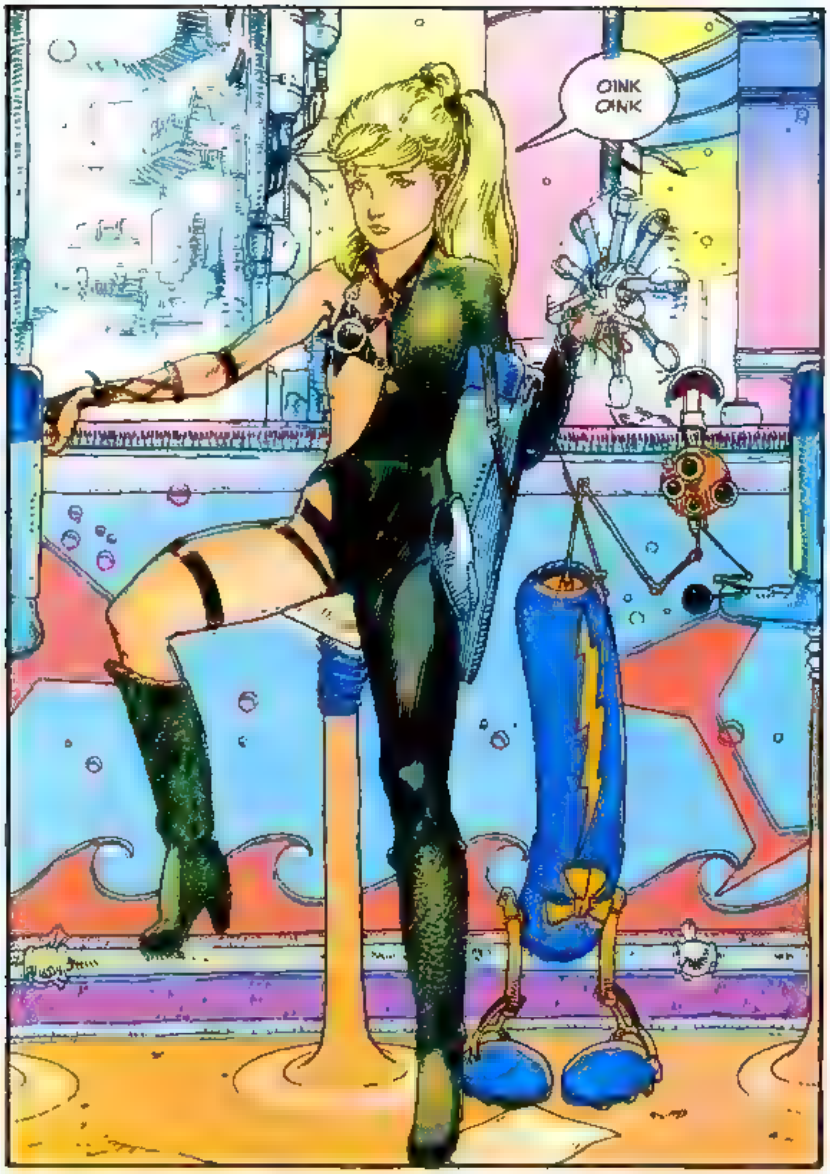

...A PHRYBYN WITH A VAT-GROWN FACE AND AN I.Q. OF THREE!
WHAZZA MATTER, STUD? YOU NEVER SEEN A GOOD-LOOKIN' WOMAN BEFORE?
WELL, KEEP YOUR PECKER IN YOUR PANTS, I'M NOT INTERESTED!
... SAME TO YOU, JACK!
...OH, YEAH?
LISTEN,
I TRAVELED THE GALAXY... DONE, BEEN, SEEN EVERYTHING THERE IS TO SEE AND I'VE RUN INTO SOME BOOTIN-STUPID CUBS-O'-CURS BUT I NEVER RUN INTO AN UGLIER NEUTER-BOOTER THAN...
HEY...
EASY... DOWN BOY!...
A MERE JEST! HEH... HEH..
CRATER FACE...

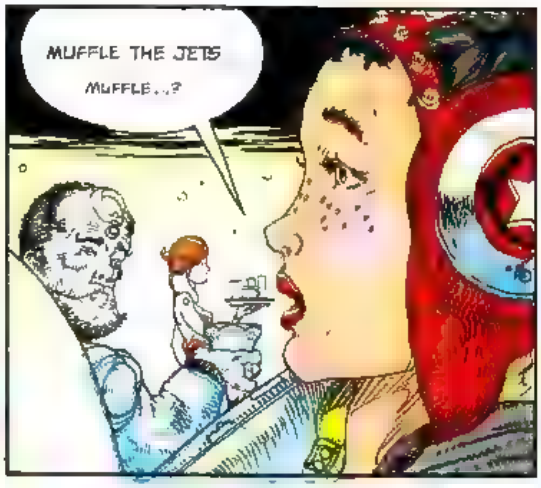
HEY, HARRY! WHOOZE THE MOUTH?
THIS IS THE FIRST AR'N'AR I'VE HAD IN THREE REIGNS! I'M ALLOWED!
AM I RIGHT?
HEY!
I'M DEHYDRATIN' OVER HERE! SHAKE YOUR CIRCUITS AN' SHIFT GEARS ON OVER HERE BEFORE THAT ASS LOCKS ON YOU!
HEY!
ANYBODY EVER HEAR ABOUT THE MORE THAN USUALLY BUILT PLEASURE DROID?
I'M TALKIN' GUT-BUSTER!!!
HOHOHOHOHO!
THEY GAVE HER AN ORDER TO "HAUL-ASS" AN' IT TOOK HER THREE TRIPS!
THREE TRIPS! HEY! HEY!
THERE WERE THESE...

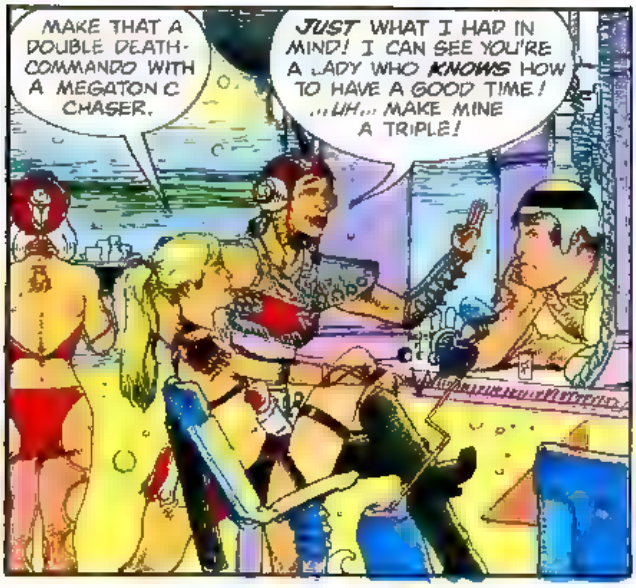
HEY! YOU WITH THE MOUTH 'N HYPERDRIVE! MUFFLE YOUR JETS!
.. TWO ANDROMEDICONES AND... HUH? ... DID I HEAR SOMETHIN'?

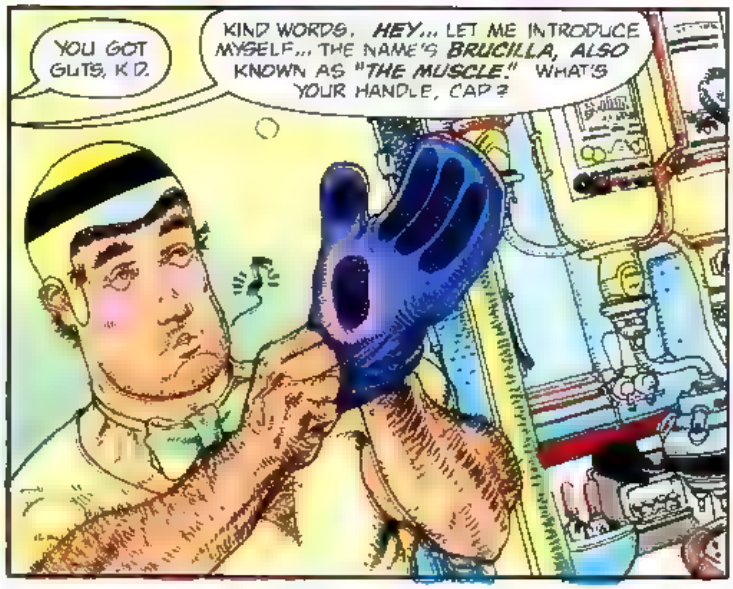

WUZ THAT A SMART REMARK OR JUST A LITTLE MOUSEY FARTIN' IN THE VOID? I WONDER WHAT THAT COULDA BEEN?

THE LAST TIME I HEARD A VOICE LIKE THAT, IT WAS WHISTLIN' OUTOFA PIG'S REAR!






MAKE THAT A DOUBLE DEATH-COMMANDO WITH A MEGATON C CHASER.
JUST WHAT I HAD IN MIND! I CAN SEE YOU'RE A LADY WHO KNOWS HOW TO HAVE A GOOD TIME! ...UH... MAKE MINE A TRIPLE!



TO BE CONTINUED

TEX☆ARCANA PRODUCTIONS

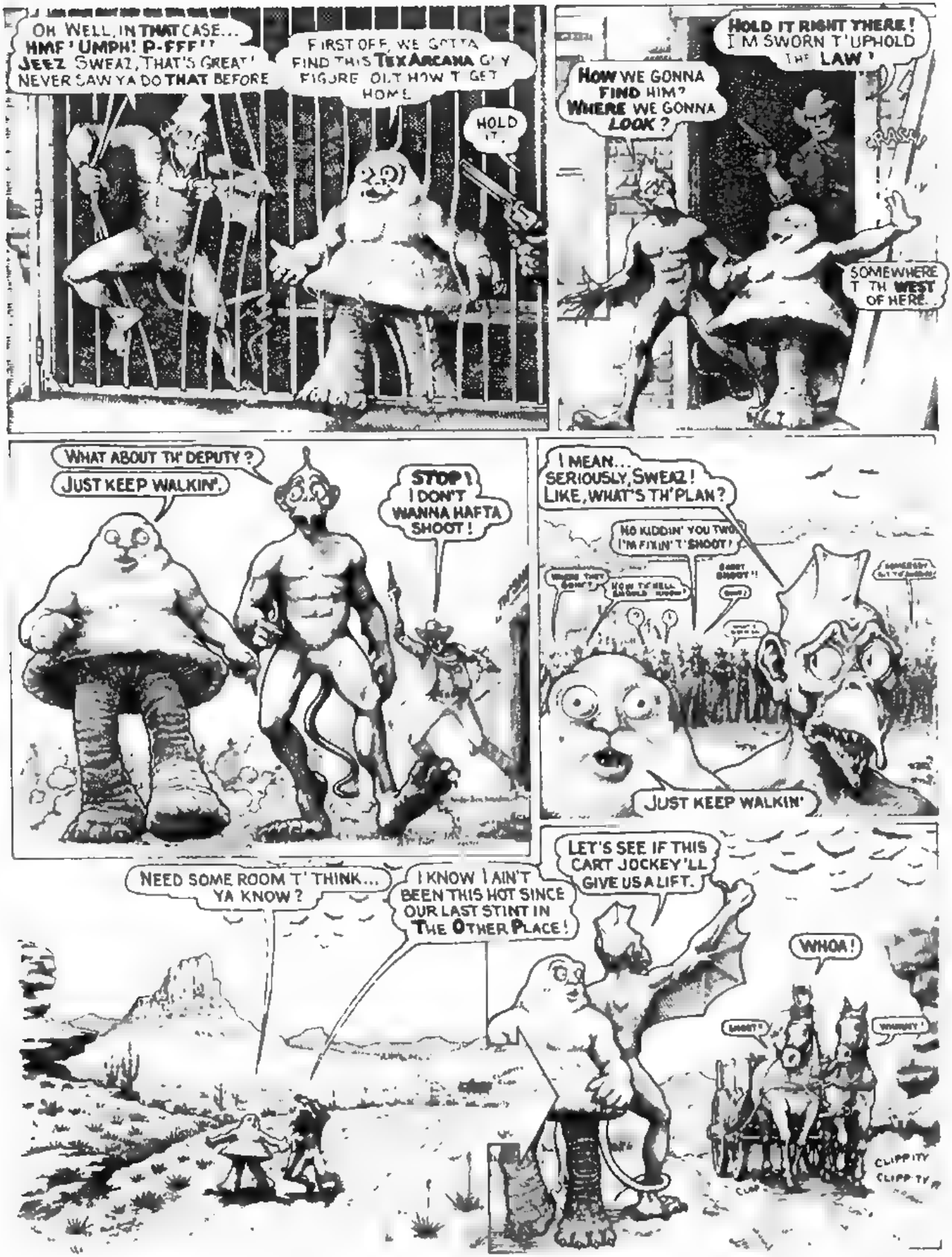
PRESENTS

The Amazin' Case o' th' DISAPPEARIN' CHICKENS

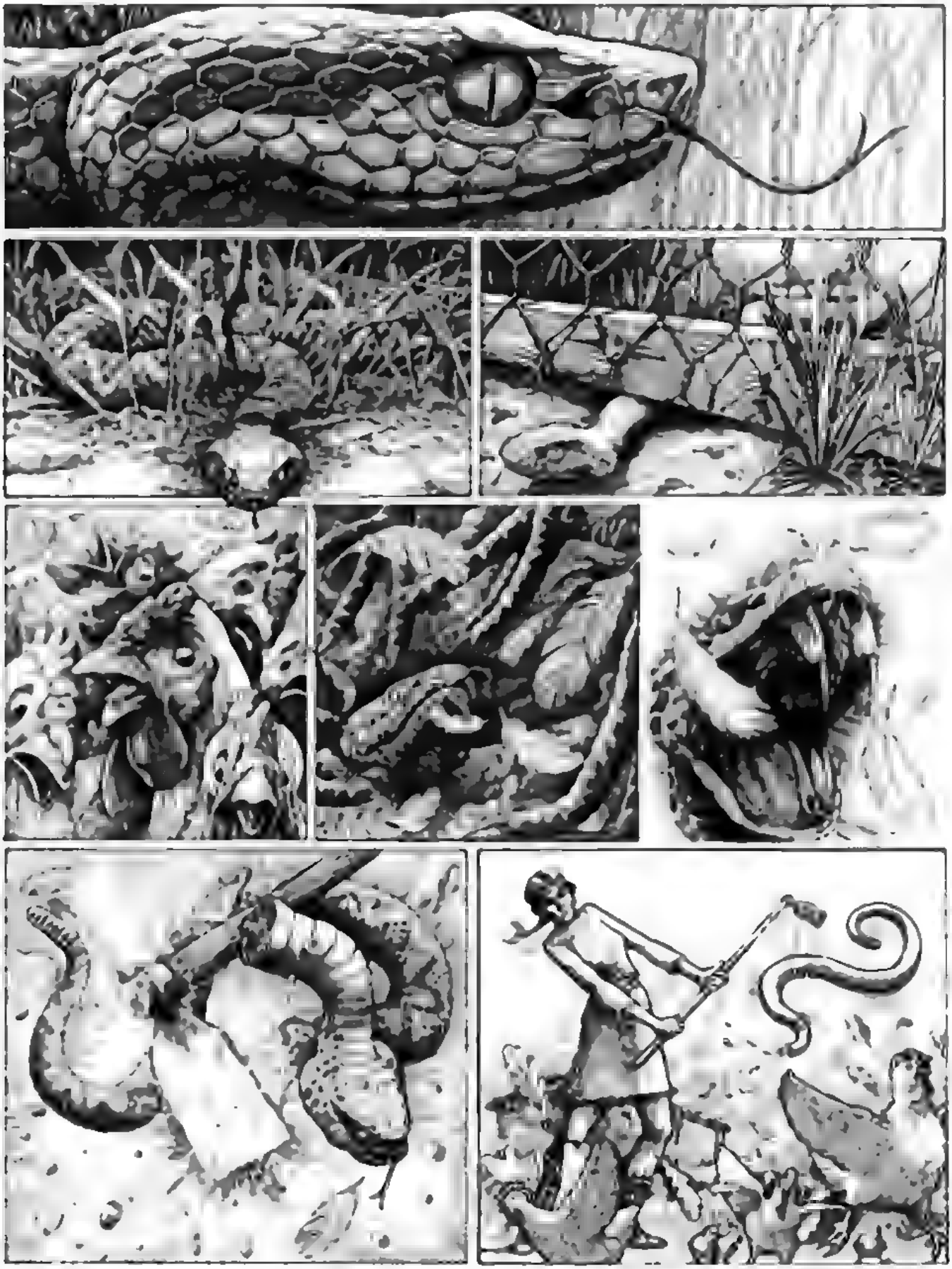
AWWWLES GREETINGS DEAR READER! WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE HAUNTED **TERRIFYING** OLD WEST! WHEN LAST WE SAW OUR SMALL FRIENDS **HERP** AND **SWEAZ** THEY WERE LANGUISHING HOPELESSLY IN THE BUCOLIC COMMUNITY OF **HANGMAN'S CORNERS.** CONJURED UP BY A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER - A STRANGER WHO LATER VANISHED UNDER ABSURDLY ABRUPT AND IGNOMINIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES TAKING WITH HIM THE SECRET OF THE SPELL THAT SUMMONED THEM AND WHICH THEY MUST HAVE TO GO BACK TO WHEREVER AND WHENEVER IT IS THAT THEY COME FROM - THEY ARE STRANDED IN THIS OBSCURE CORNER OF THE WEST. RETURN WITH US NOW. IT'S EARLY THE NEXT MORNING. IN THE ALLEY THAT RUNS BEHIND [illegible] PLACE

WHY, SHUCKS! LOOKA **HERE!**
C'MERE GEORGE N **LOOK!**
IT'S THEM TWO STRANGE LI'L **VARMINTS!**
I THOUGHT THEY SKEE DADDLED ALONG WITH TH REST O THEM **OUTA TOWN WEIRDOS.**
WHAT TH' HELL WE GONNA **DO** WITH 'EM?
LET'S THROW 'EM IN TH **CALABOOSE!**
CAINT PUT 'EM IN **JAIL** FER THEY AIN'T DONE NUTHIN' **WRONG.**
THEY **LOOK** AM GHT WRONG T ME
YEAH!
WELL THEY'S **DRUNK** AIN'T THEY? HOW 'BOUT PUBLIC DRUNKENESS?
I DOUBT TH SHERIFF'LL BUY **THAT** ONE. RIGHT, BERT? (HEH HEH)
I'D SHORE'S HELL HATE T WAKE UP TH' SHERIFF OVER THIS.
THEY AIN'T WEARIN' NO **CLOTHES.** HOW'S **THAT** FER WRONG?
IT'S PLUMB DISGUSTIN'.
SNORE
WHEEZE
ZZZZ
ZZZZ
©1982 Jason Rubley

UH OH !
WAKE UP SWEAZ I THINK WE'RE IN LIKE STIR
ZZ
CLANK!
BONG!
JAILER! WHAT'S GOIN' ON? JAILER!
WHERE AM I? OH, MY HEAD! QUIET DOWN, HERP!
OPEN UP! WHO TH' HELL D'YOU THINK YER DEALIN' WITH?
OHHH, GOD! THIS REMINDS ME OF THAT TIME IN WHERE WAS IT? NINEVEN'
OPEN UP, YOU SCUMFACE IF YA VALUE YER JAIL!
...AN' YA KNOW, I SWORE I'D NEVER LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN.
HOLD IT DOWN IN THERE! AN' DON'T YOU BE CALLIN ME NO NAMES. YOU AIN'T NO LILLIE LANGTRY YERSELF
BESIDES, YER IN ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS
OH YEAH? WHAT'S TH CHARGE?
INDECENT EXPOSURE SEE? RIGHT HERE ON YER FILE. WEIRD LITTLE VARMINT ONE AN' (UH) WLV2 ARRESTED FER PUBLIC NEKKIDNESS."
NAKEDNESS?!! OKAY, LIKE I'M A HARD GUY T' FIT, BUT INDECENT EXPOSURE? YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'!
YORE JUS' GONNA HAFTA TALK T' THE SHERIFF. I AIN'T NUTHIN BUT TH DEPUTY HERE
OH! AN' PLUS YER GONNA OWE US FER THEM BENT UP BARS TOO

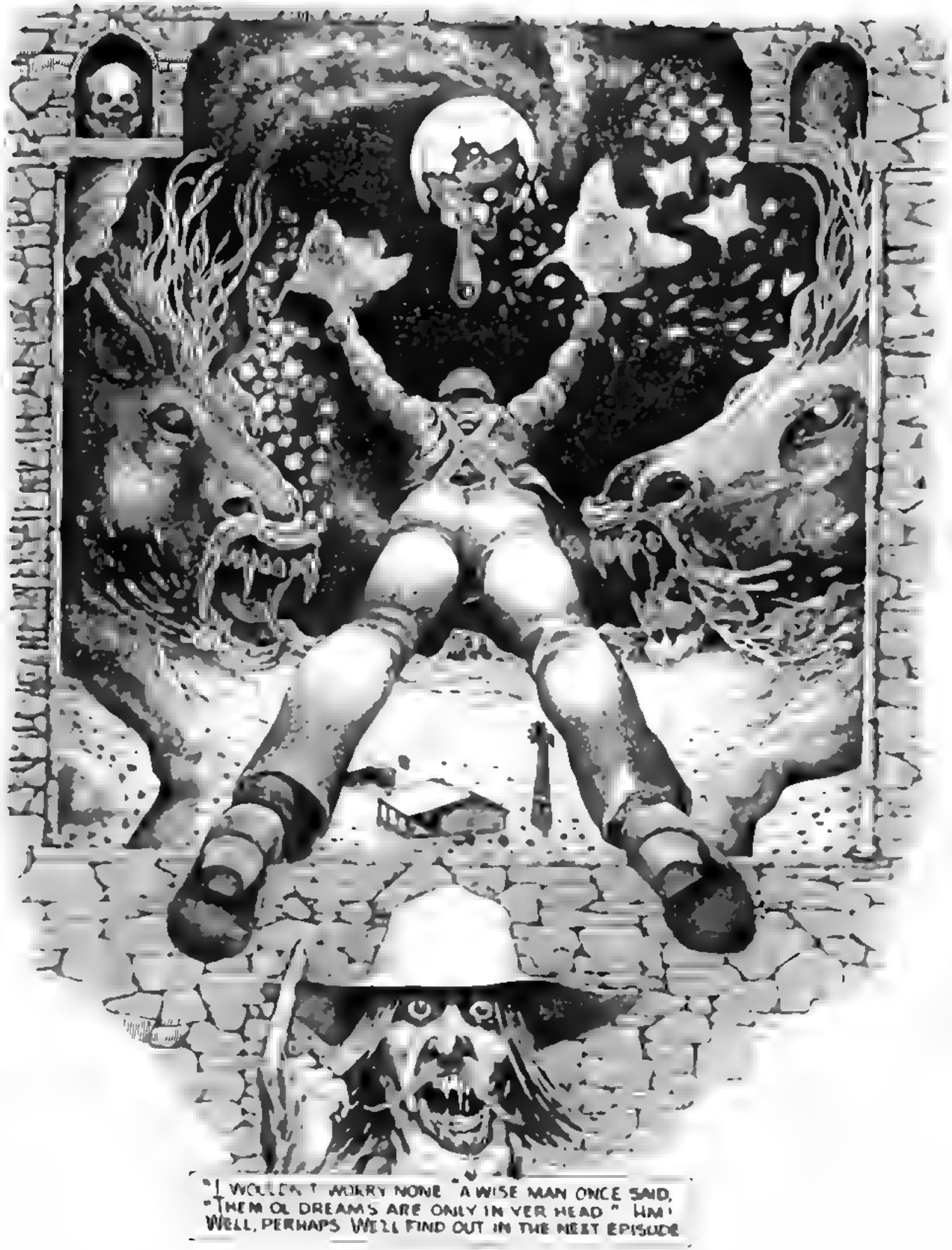

OH WELL, IN THAT CASE...
HMF' UMPH! P-FFF!'
JEEZ. SWEAZ, THAT'S GREAT!
NEVER SAW YA DO THAT BEFORE
FIRST OFF, WE GOTTA FIND THIS TEX ARCANA GUY FIGURE OUT HOW T' GET HOME.
HOLD IT.
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! I'M SWORN T' UPHOLD THE LAW!
HOW WE GONNA FIND HIM? WHERE WE GONNA LOOK?
CRASH!
SOMEWHERE T' TH WEST OF HERE.
WHAT ABOUT TH' DEPUTY?
JUST KEEP WALKIN'.
STOP! I DON'T WANNA HAFTA SHOOT!
I MEAN... SERIOUSLY, SWEAZ! LIKE, WHAT'S TH' PLAN?
NO KIDDIN' YOU TWO I'M FIXIN' T' SHOOT!
JUST KEEP WALKIN'
NEED SOME ROOM T' THINK... YA KNOW?
I KNOW I AIN'T BEEN THIS HOT SINCE OUR LAST STINT IN THE OTHER PLACE!
LET'S SEE IF THIS CART JOCKEY'LL GIVE US A LIFT.
WHOA!
CLIPPITY CLIPPITY

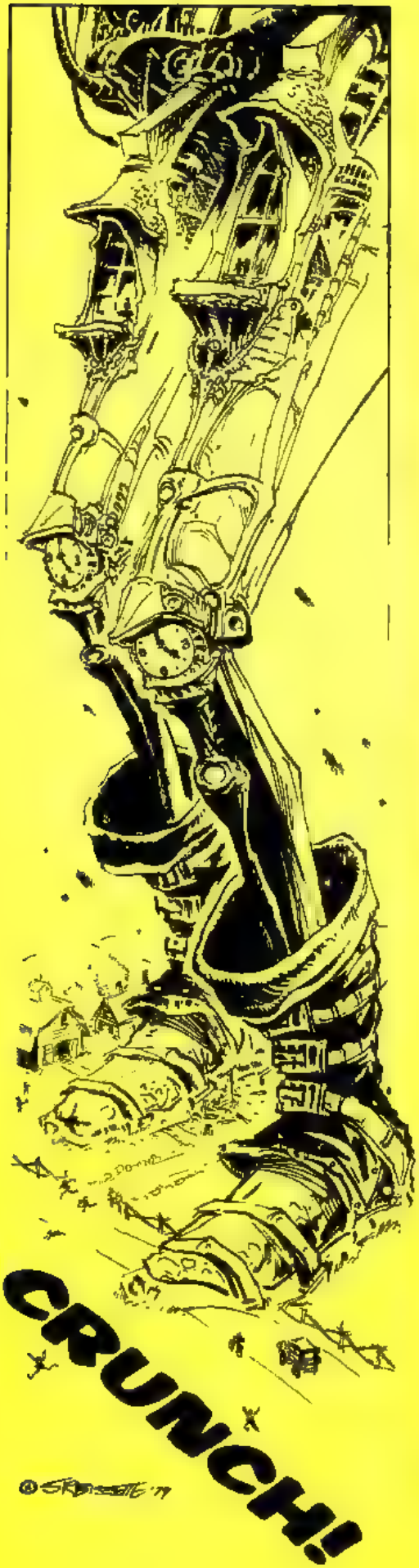
WHERE YOU VARM... UH, YOU FELLAS HEADED?
WHIN-NY?
WHINNY!
WEST.
WE GOT, LIKE, A BAD CASE O' TH' INTOWN JITTERS.
YA KNOW?
I MUSTA BIN WRONG WHEN I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEBODY SAY YOU WUZ TH' BOTH O' YA IN JAIL.
YEAH. WELL... THEY HAD T'LET US GO. LACKA EVIDENCE.
LORD KNOWS TH' QUALITY O' JUSTICE IN THESE PARTS AIN'T WHAT IT OUGHTA BE... TAKE MY CHICKENS, FER INSTANCE
HUH?
WULL, YEAH. I GOT THIS PROBLEM WITH MY CHICKENS, WHERE THEY KEEP ON DISAPPEARIN' AN' I KEEP TELLIN' TH' SHERIFF AN' TH' SHERIFF JUS' DON'T CARE.
CRYMANENTLY! A HEN BOY!!
WON'T NOBODY LISTEN T' ME ABOUT THIS. AN' IT'S SERIOUS! NO CHICKENS, NO GRITS, IF YA CATCH MY MEANIN'.
NOT REALLY.
EV'RY MONTH LIKE CLOCKWORK... FOUR'R FIVE HEAD IN ONE NIGHT!
THEN NOTHIN' AGIN FER ANOTHER MONTH, THEN FOUR, FIVE MORE ALL IN A SINGLE NIGHT....

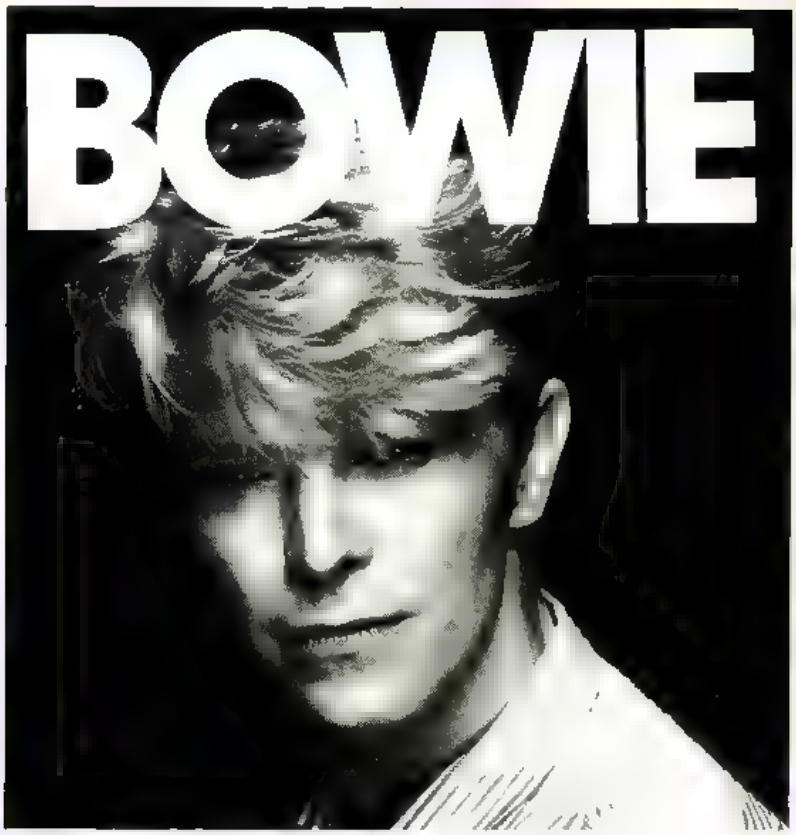


THIS HERE'S AS FAR AS I GO. YORE JUS' GONNA HAFTA HOOF IT FROM HERE.
YA MEAN YER GONNA, LIKE, GIVE US A HORSE?
GOT NONE T'SPARE, LI'L STRANGER. "HOOFIN' IT," THAT JUS' MEANS, YOU KNOW, WALKIN'.
SORRY.
IF WE COULD PROMISE YOU NO MORE MISSING CHICKENS...
...THEN WOULD YOU LEND US A HORSE? ONLY FOR A FEW DAYS.
I'D HAFTA STUDY ON THAT ONE ...DO YA THINK YA COULD?
GOT NOTHIN' BETTER T'DO.
?
OH!
LINA! MI AMOR! COME AN' MEET THESE HERE CRITTERS WHAT I BRUNG...
...THEY'S PURTY DERN FUNNY LOOKIN', BUT THEY'S GOOD FOLKS!
THIS'S M'BRIDE, JAVELINA... LIGHT O'MY LIFE AN' TH' BEST PERSON I EVER KNOWED.
AN' I'M ROGER.
UH...Y'ALL GOT NAMES, 'R WHAT?
THEM'S THE SEEDS OF A DREAM, FELLAS
...CHICKENS T'TH' HORIZON, TH' SETTIN' SUN GLINTIN' GOLD ON THEAH LITTLE BACKS.

GOTTA EAT MAYBE A DOZEN OR SO MORE...
DREAMS. LIKE...


I WOULDN'T WORRY NONE "A WISE MAN ONCE SAID,
"THEM OL DREAMS ARE ONLY IN YER HEAD" HM!
WELL, PERHAPS WE'LL FIND OUT IN THE NEXT EPISODE





THE INTERVIEW
BY TIMOTHY WHITE

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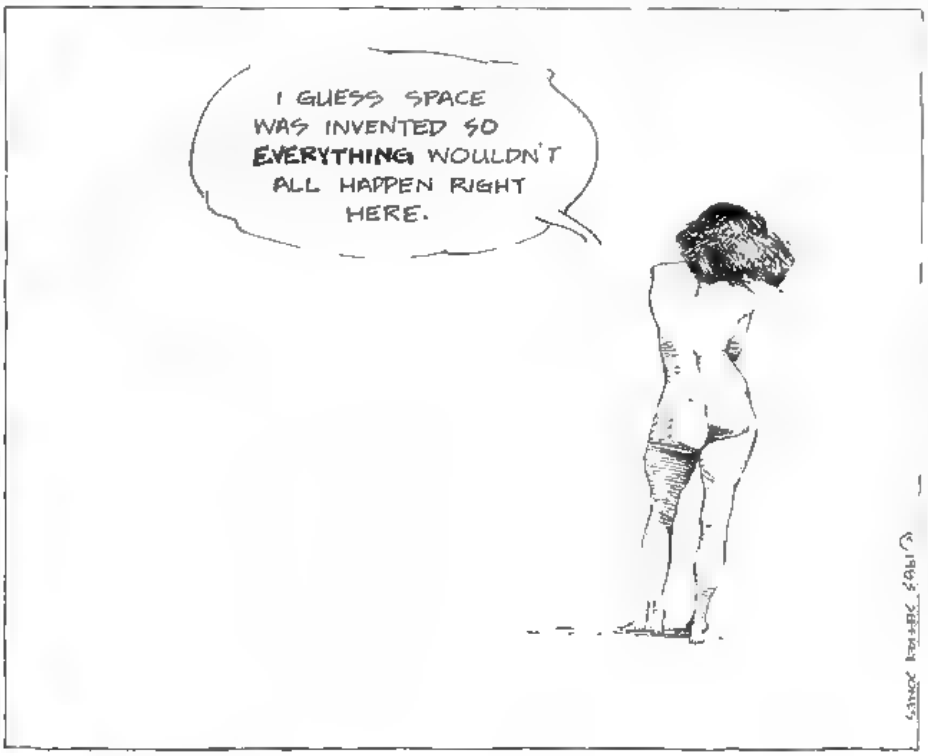
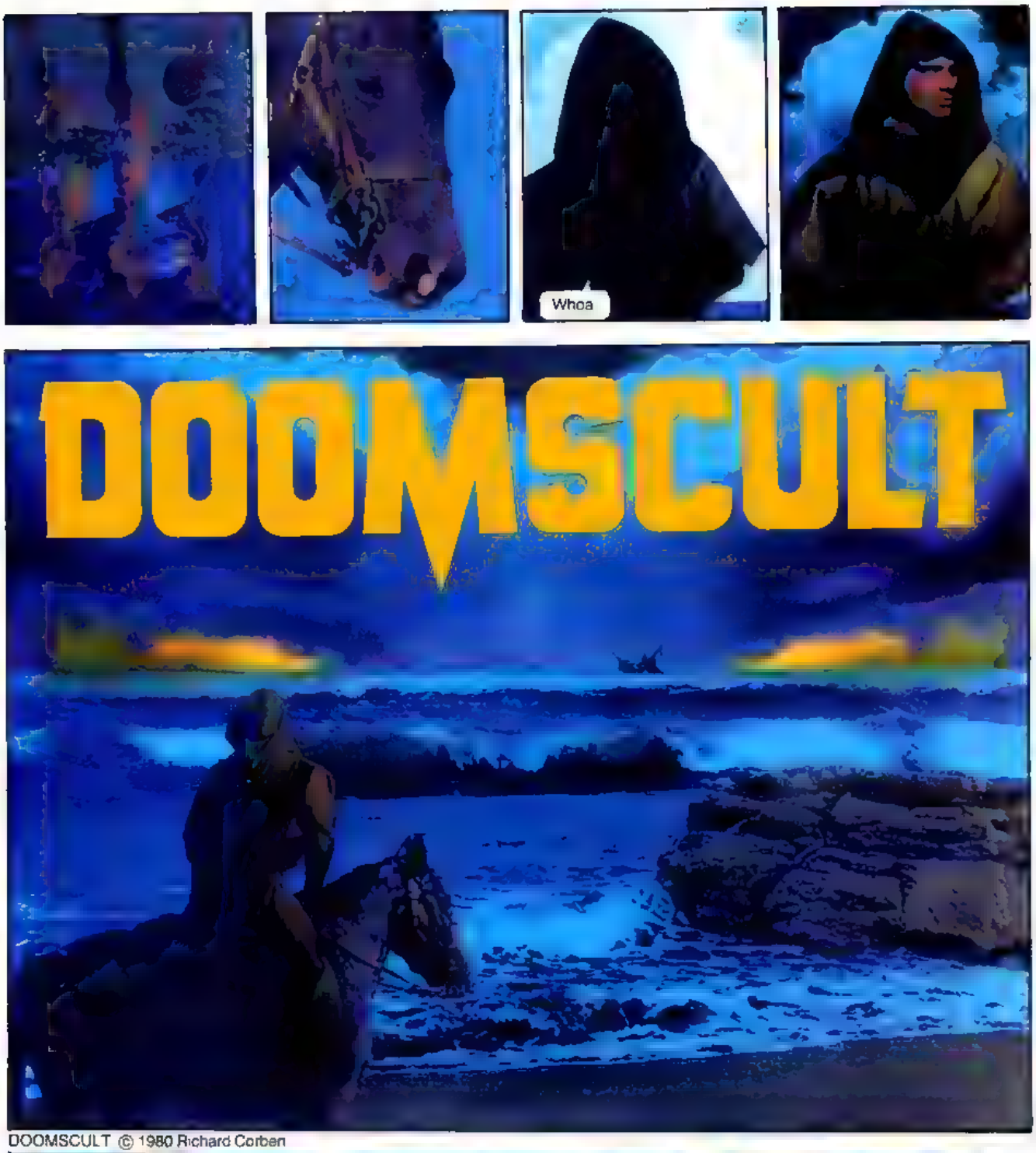
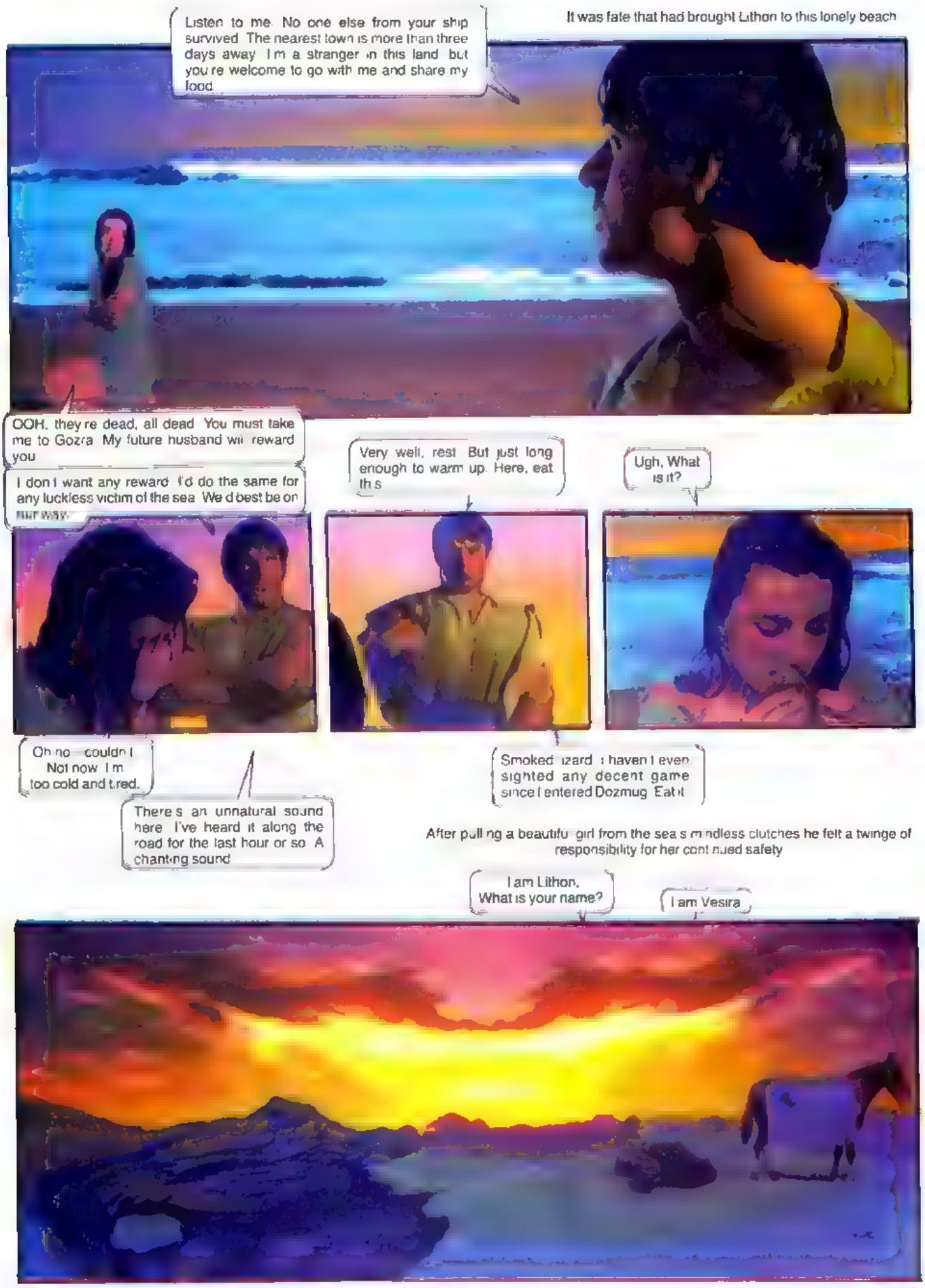
I'M AGE

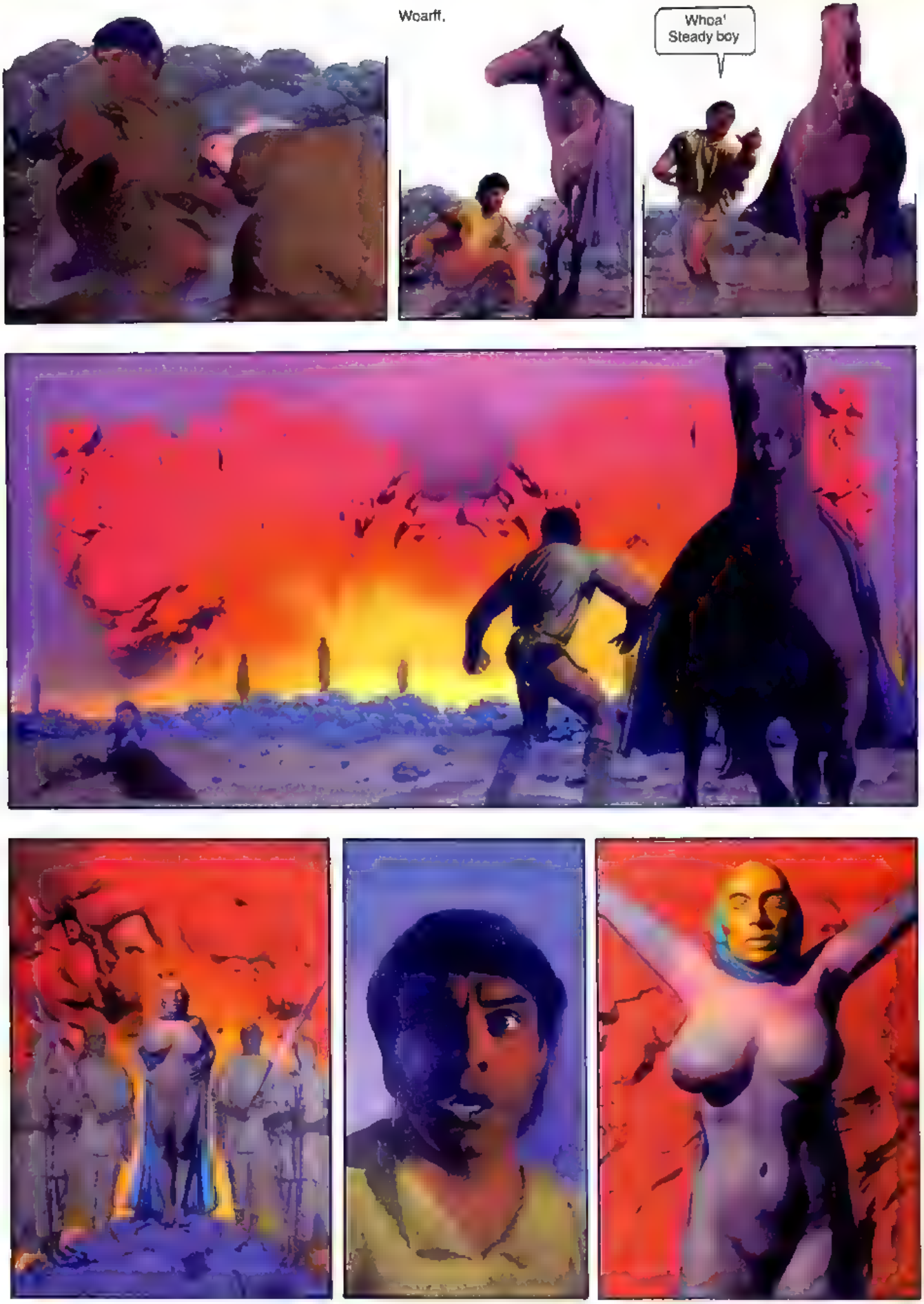


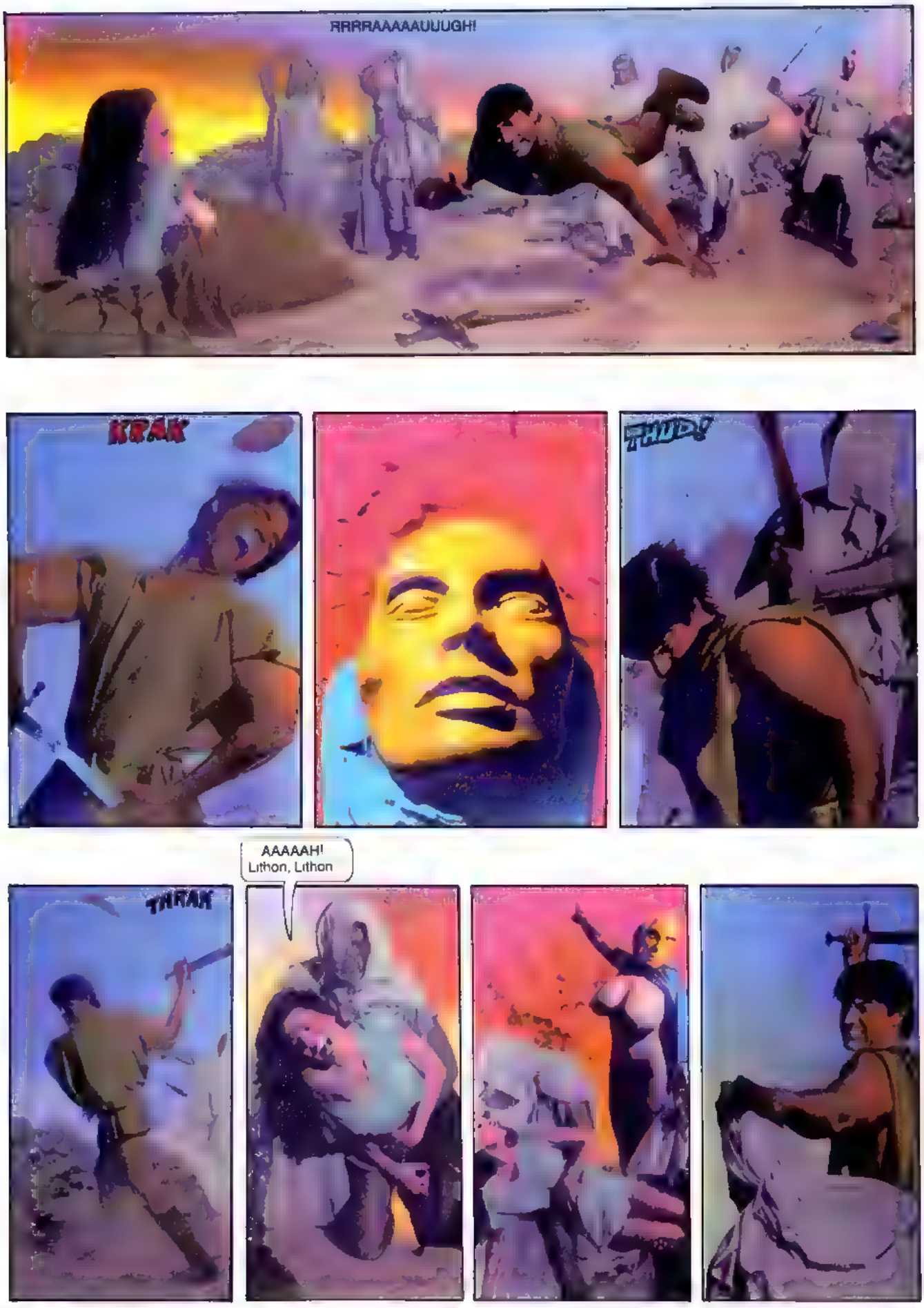
©1985 JEFFREY JONES



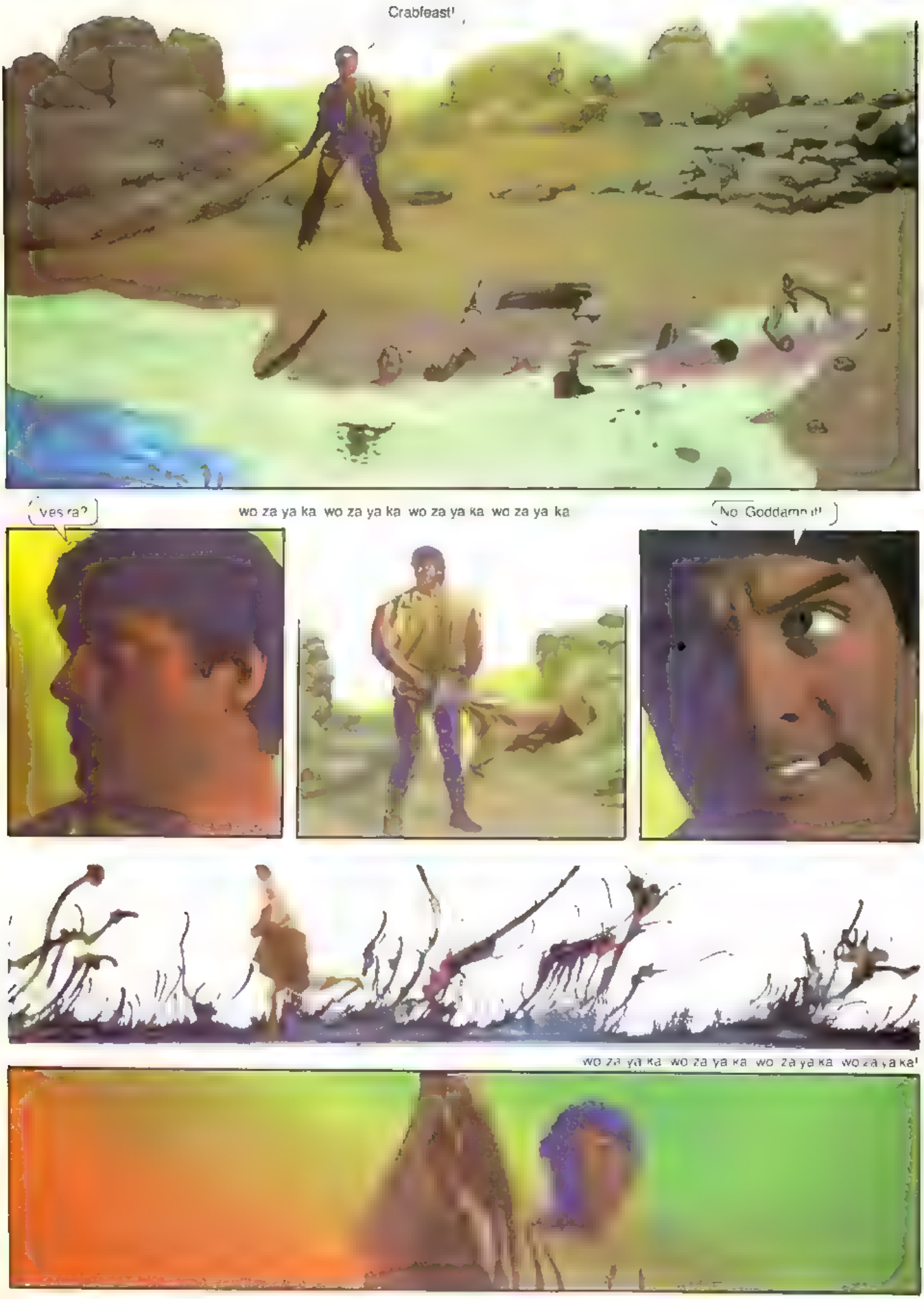
DOOMSCULT © 1980 Richard Corben

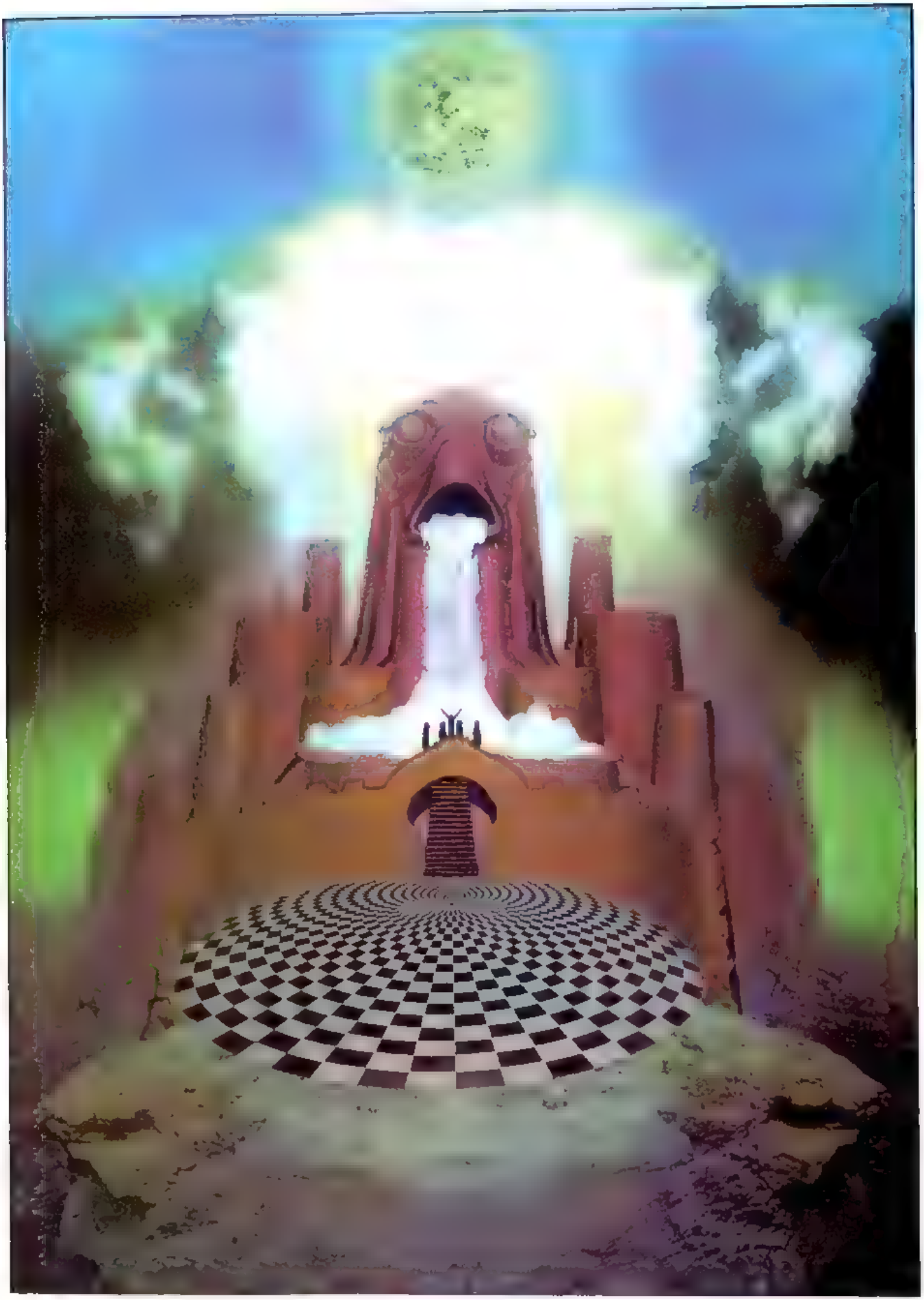

It was fate that had brought Lithon to this lonely beach
Listen to me. No one else from your ship survived. The nearest town is more than three days away. I'm a stranger in this land, but you're welcome to go with me and share my food.
OOH, they're dead, all dead. You must take me to Gozra. My future husband will reward you.
I don't want any reward. I'd do the same for any luckless victim of the sea. We'd best be on our way.
Very well, rest. But just long enough to warm up. Here, eat this.
Ugh. What is it?
Oh no... couldn't. Not now. I'm too cold and tired.
There's an unnatural sound here. I've heard it along the road for the last hour or so. A chanting sound.
Smoked lizard. I haven't even sighted any decent game since I entered Dozmug. Eat it.
After pulling a beautiful girl from the sea's mindless clutches he felt a twinge of responsibility for her continued safety
I am Lithon. What is your name?
I am Vesira.


Woarff.
Whoa! Steady boy

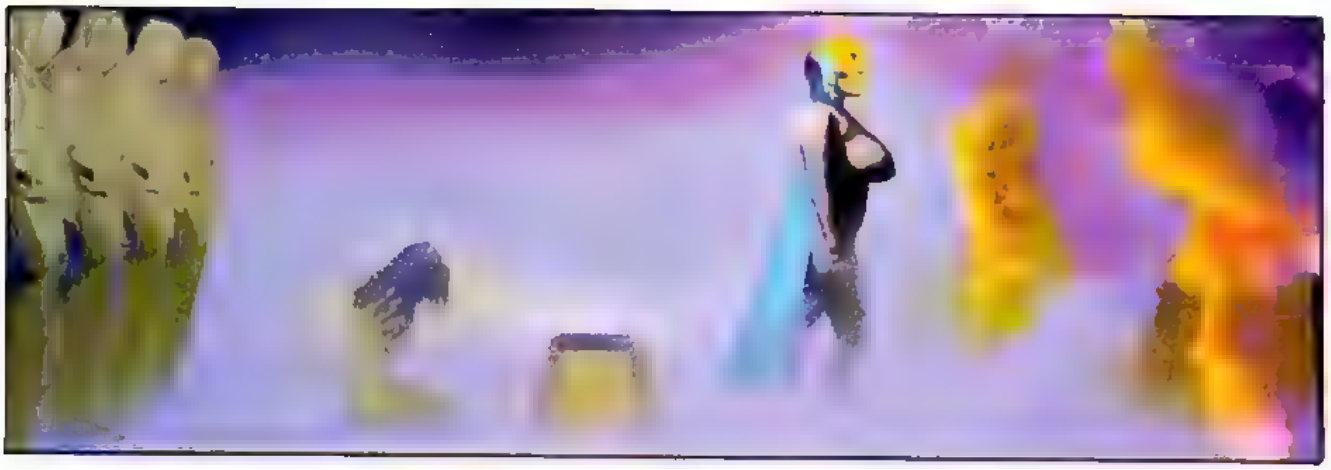

RRRRAAAAAUUUGH!
KRAK
THUD!
AAAAAH!
Lithon, Lithon
THRAK

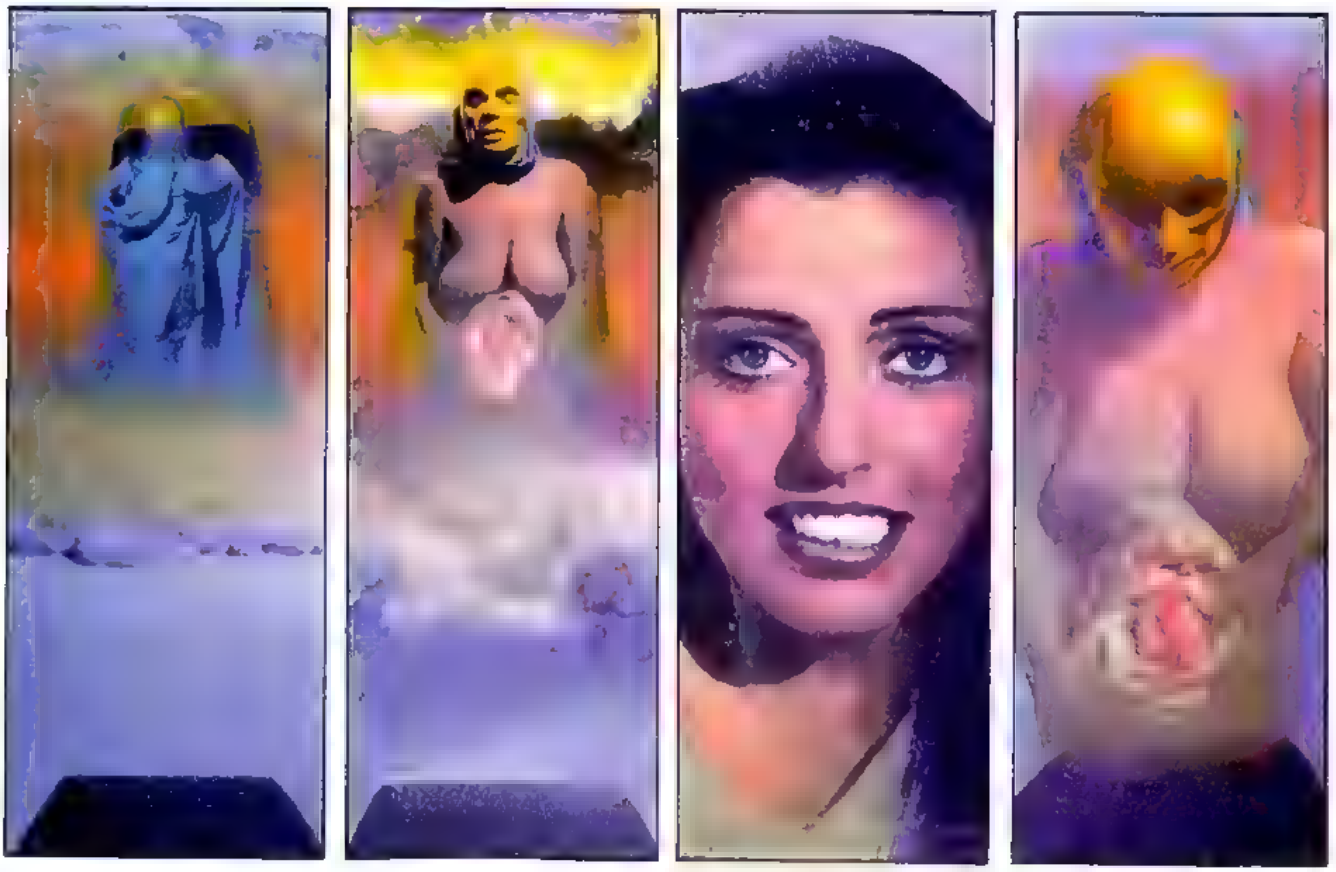
THWIP
UNDEAD!
THWAK
SLUCH!
THWAK
WHIIIRRR
KA-TSOK!
SWWUUTCH!

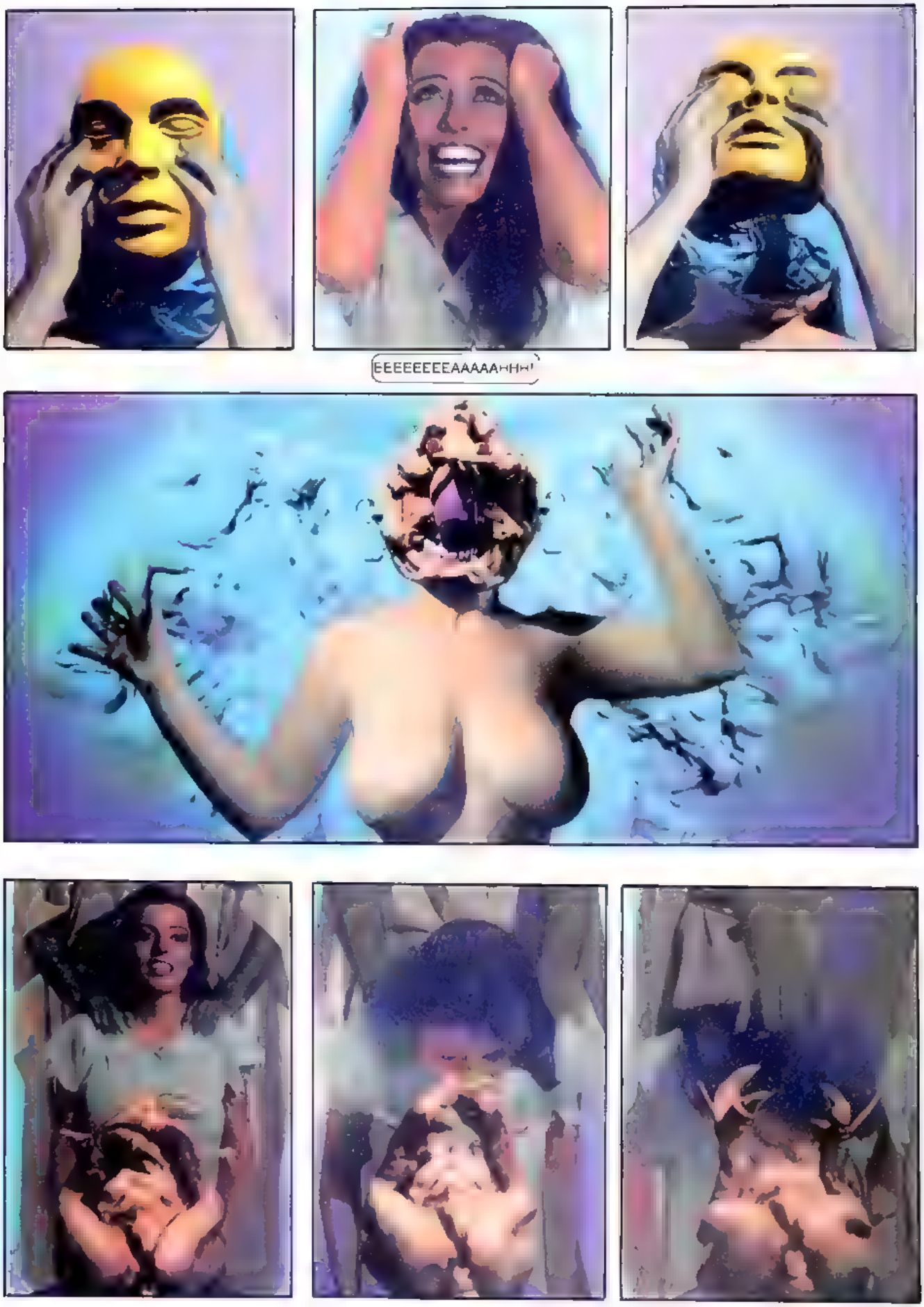

Crabfeast!
Yes ra?
wo za ya ka wo za ya ka wo za ya ka wo za ya ka
No Goddamn it!
wo za ya ka wo za ya ka wo za ya ka wo za ya ka!

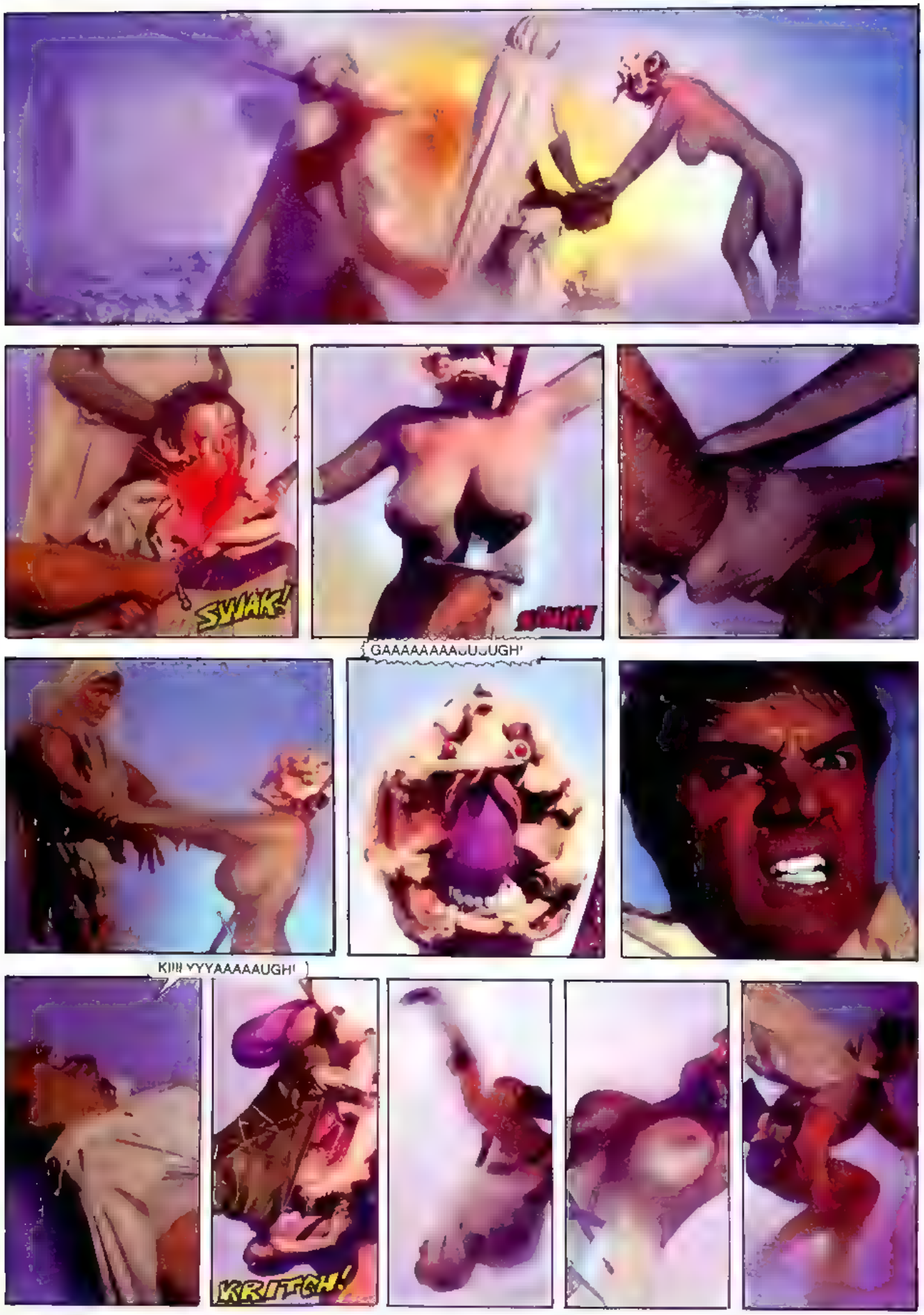


WO ZA YA KA WO ZA YA KA WO ZA YA KA WO ZA YA KA!

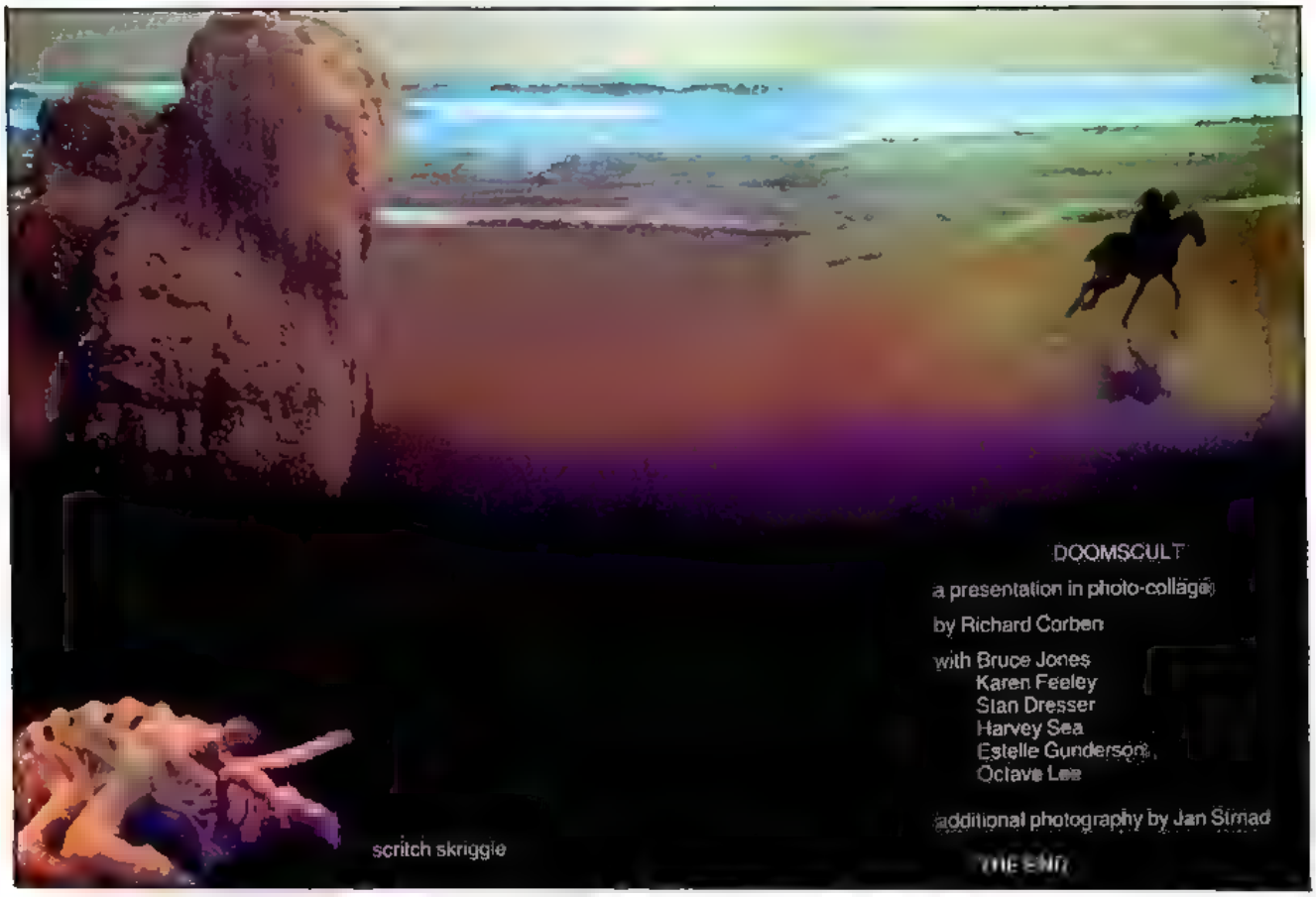





EEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHH!


SWAK!
GAAAAAAAAUUUGH!
KIII YYYAAAAAUGH!
KRITCH!

Oh God My God
is she dead?
This body is dead and the undead servants have all collapsed But where is the creature that controlled them?
For God's sake let's get out of here!

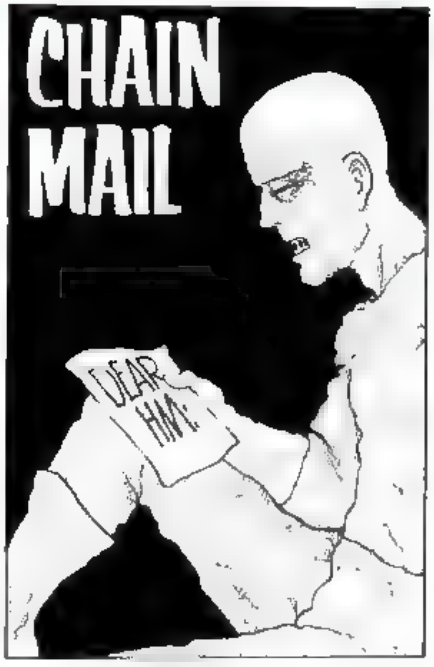

DOOMSCULT
a presentation in photo-collage
by Richard Corben
with Bruce Jones
Karen Feeley
Stan Dresser
Harvey Sea
Estelle Gunderson
Octave Lee
additional photography by Jan Strnad
THE END
scritch skriggle

Everyday Strangeness
by Howard Cruse
TRUTH CAN BE STRANGER THAN SCIENCE FICTION' -LIKE WHEN I WAS OUT SHOPPING RECENTLY
GOOD LORD!
WATCH IT ...NG MAN!
LOOK AT THIS INGREDIENT! DON'T YOU CARE WHAT YOU SELL HERE?
THAT'S WHAT THEY SEND ME! THE PEOPLE BUY IT WHAT DO YA WANT?
BUT IF THIS REACHES THE NATION'S TABLES, THE FUTURE OF OUR PLANET COULD BE JEOPARDIZED!
SO CALL THE MANUFACTURER IF YA GOT SUCH A HAIR UP YER ASS!
I'M HOWARD CRUSE AND I DEMAND TO SPEAK TO THE PRESIDENT OF YOUR COMPANY!
I'LL PUT YOU RIGHT THROUGH, SIR!
MR. TORTUNDZEN, TAKE A LOOK AT THE THIRD ITEM ON YOUR INGREDIENT LIST! I'M SURE ITS PRESENCE IN YOUR PRODUCT IS DUE TO A HORRIBLE CORPORATE OVERSIGHT!
Jew! Fowled up!
LUCKILY I CAN GIVE YOU THREE SUBSTITUTE INGREDIENTS THAT WON'T ALTER THE FLAVOR -IN FACT THEY'LL SIMPLIFY THE MANUFACTURING PROCESS!
BUT MR CRUSE, I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND
WE WANT THAT INGREDIENT IN THERE!
HAHAHAHAHA
©1983 H. Cruse

Dear *HM*,

As a sometime International Terrorist and nightstalker of unsuspecting victims, I warn you: do *not* change the complexion of your magazine. I've been an avid reader for 4½ years now, and I'm looking forward to many more years of *HM*. *(So are we—otherwise we'd have to go out and get real jobs.—ls)* I need *HM* to help me get through this life (not an unreasonable request, eh?). When the late, great Wally Wood put out *Witzend* in the mid-sixties, it was the only publication of its kind in existence in the USA. When it ceased publication, nothing like it was available, until *HM* came along. While I don't enjoy every article, artist, graphic story, or criticism you publish, this hardly matters. What does matter is that Moebius, Kaluta, Mary Wilshire, Crepax, etc. *are available to the general American public* (not by mail-order on second-rate paper, either). Would *Epic* give us "The Man from Harlem"? Would *1994* give us "Rock Opera"? Certainly not. I'm thirty two years old; I no longer read comic books. What I and many others read instead is *HM* the *one and only* Adult Illustrated Fantasy Magazine. You unappreciative and overly critical readers, think about what you're doing. Nothing like *HM* exists in America. Don't attack it. What would you be served otherwise? You know the answer.

And Lou Stathis, don't be concerned when you're panned by some readers. *(Me? Concerned?—ls)* Your efforts are appreciated by many. Being a black person, I had no interest in new wave or Punk-style rock'n'roll.



Yet after reading a few Stathis articles, I purchased some of the albums I read about. Without the articles in *HM* I wouldn't have bothered listening, and I would've missed some good, even great, music. But that's what *HM* is supposed to do—take you outside the realm of normal, rudimentary experience to other worlds of thought. So, to all concerned, thank you.

However, I must say that if *HM does* become another *Epic* or *1994*, I must then don my cloak and slouch hat, and move through the shadows near your administrative offices. This is your Final Warning. *(And you say you don't read comic books anymore?—ls)*

Glenn Holloway
Bridgeport, Conn.

Metalheads,

Your magazine is really great. You guys deserve more credit than you've been getting lately, from the looks of Chain Mail. But look at it this way, folks: how boring life would be without *HM*! And those letters damning Rod Kierkegaard Jr. "Rock Opera" is the product of an intelligence far greater than our own. His satire is what allows me to cope with the modern age! How clever he is!

M. Maniac
N. Tonawanda, N.Y.

Dear LS,

Just a couple of comments towards your inspirational communication device.

1) I'm probably the only reader at the University of California at Santa Barbara (UCSB) to *truly miss* "Rock Opera" (January).

2) While my roomie loves the t&a, ostensibly to stimulate his artwork *(Yeah, right.—ls)* as a gay reader, I say GIVE US MORE DORK! I agree with D.C. Chalice (Chain Mail, January) who pleads that "Den" not become more modest.

For your demographics, I'm a male, former Marvel reader, *(We all have skeletons in*

Illustration by Joseph Hurley

ADVENTURES IN EDITING WITH LOU
dear editors, I hate french art! why dont your print more Sad Sack comix?
Jerry Bohonka Trenton, N.J.
-LET'S SEE.. FUCK-FACE?..TOO PREDICTABLE. ...HOW ABOUT PUS-BAG!!
NOSE BAG..
URINE-ADDLED...
CRATER BREATH..
YOUR MOTHER'S BRAIN..
WHAT THE HELL RE YOU WORKING ON IN THERE?
THE LETTERS COLUMN—DAMMIT! YOU MADE ME LOSE MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT—
WHERE WAS I..? FUCK-FACE? NO- TOO PREDICTABLE. LETS TRY SKROAT!
THAT SOUNDS GOOD...
SLAM!
Strip by Matt Howarth
© MATT HOWARTH

our closets —ls) age twenty-eight, earn $18,000 a year, and a senior majoring in cultural anthropology. I also believe that California is a separate nation. Keep up the good fun

R. Maule
Santa Barbara, Calif.

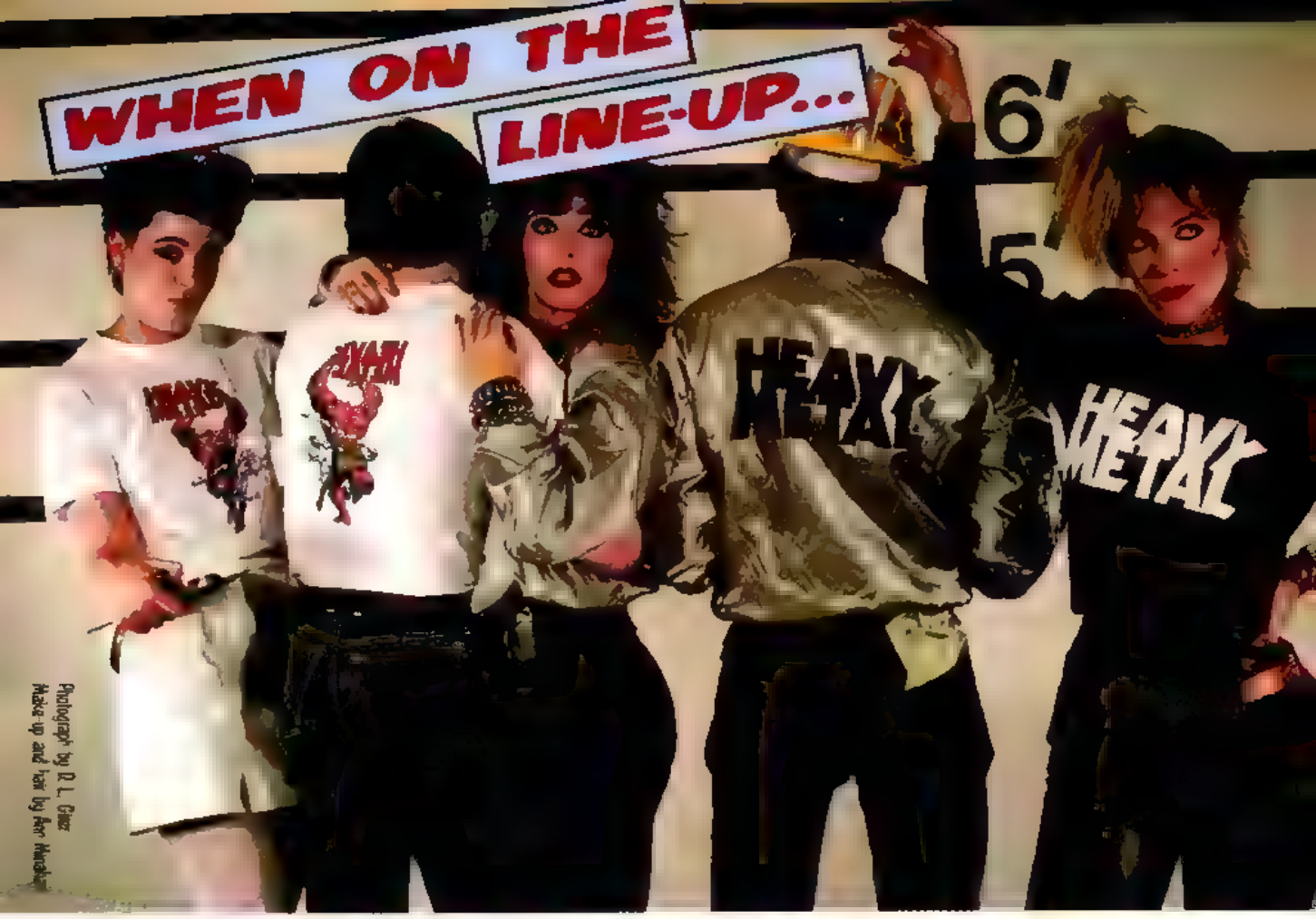
Dear Editor:

In reference to your "pud pol" (January), I cast my vote for a more open-minded and less sexist *HM*. I agree with Diane Chalice's letter that at present, *HM* caters almost exclusively to adolescent male fantasies about women. If this is supposed to be an authentic "adult illustrated fantasy magazine," why the preponderance on the female nude body at the expense of the male nude body? There is nothing "wrong" with either body, but for some reason, the illustrations imply that it is acceptable to show a totally nude woman, but not a man. Luckily, not all of your artists adhere to this ridiculous, sexist outlook. Richard Corben should be congratulated not only for his masterly work, but for his courage and integrity in presenting Den as a full, unabashed man — not as a timidly half-draped pseudo-hero. In short, in an adult magazine, one expects to see adult situations, and if the story or illustration calls for a totally nude man, so be it! It is far more offensive to see page after page of unnecessarily nude women than to read a magazine where *both sexes* are integrated and treated equally

Lou Moret
Bronx, N.Y.

Agreed, except for a couple of points. In today's increasingly puritanical moral climate, a shlong is somehow regarded as more offensive to local community standards of decency than a vagina (probably because the former looks so weird and ugly hanging down like that, while the latter demurely hides itself inside the body—we mustn't frighten our readers!). And also, given the choice, most of our artists want to draw naked females more than naked males —for some twisted goddamn reason.—ls

CATHARSIS
def.: PURIFICATION OR PURGATION OF THE SOUL.
none to notice
none to pass
many the years that here I've lain
the world without my woven green continues on for inward I remain
I touch my tooth it's silver mass
to cut the thorns that bind my soul within their woven womb
lettering by sherry nelson



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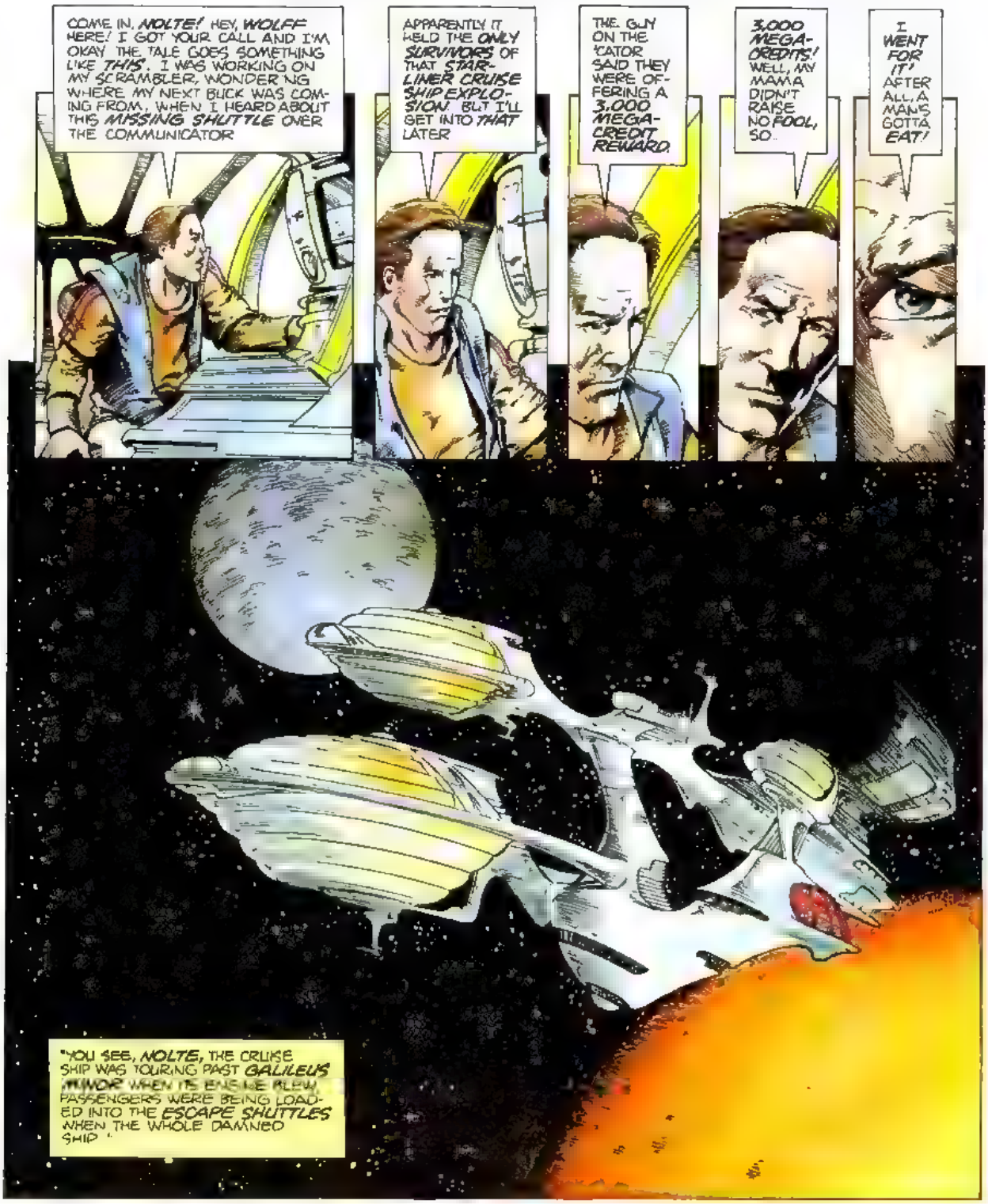
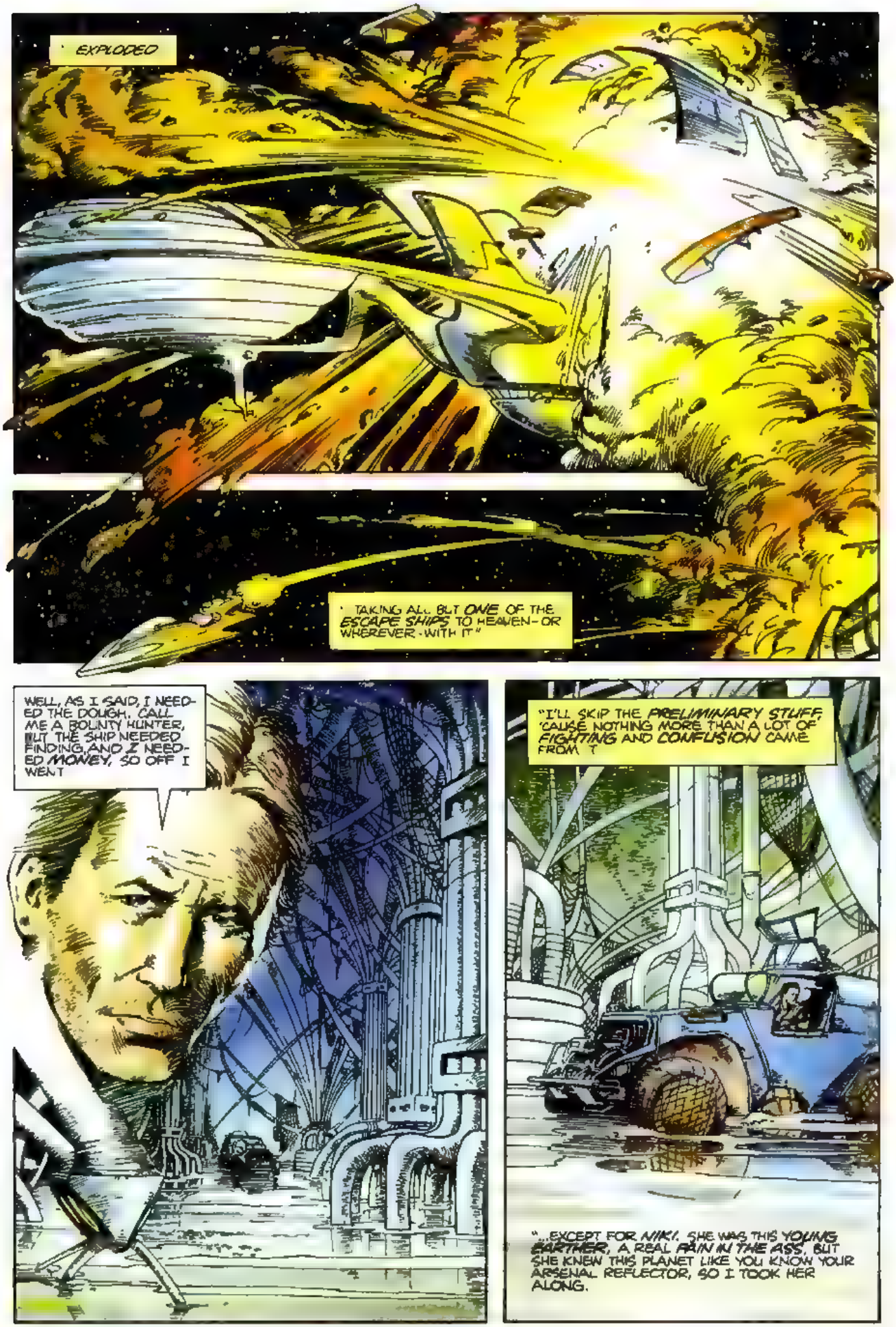
SPACEHUNTER
ADVENTURES IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE

ILLUSTRATED BY JERRY BINGHAM.
WRITTEN BY JULIE SIMMONS-LYNCH.
BASED ON COLUMBIA PICTURES' NEW 3-D SCIENCE FICTION FILM.

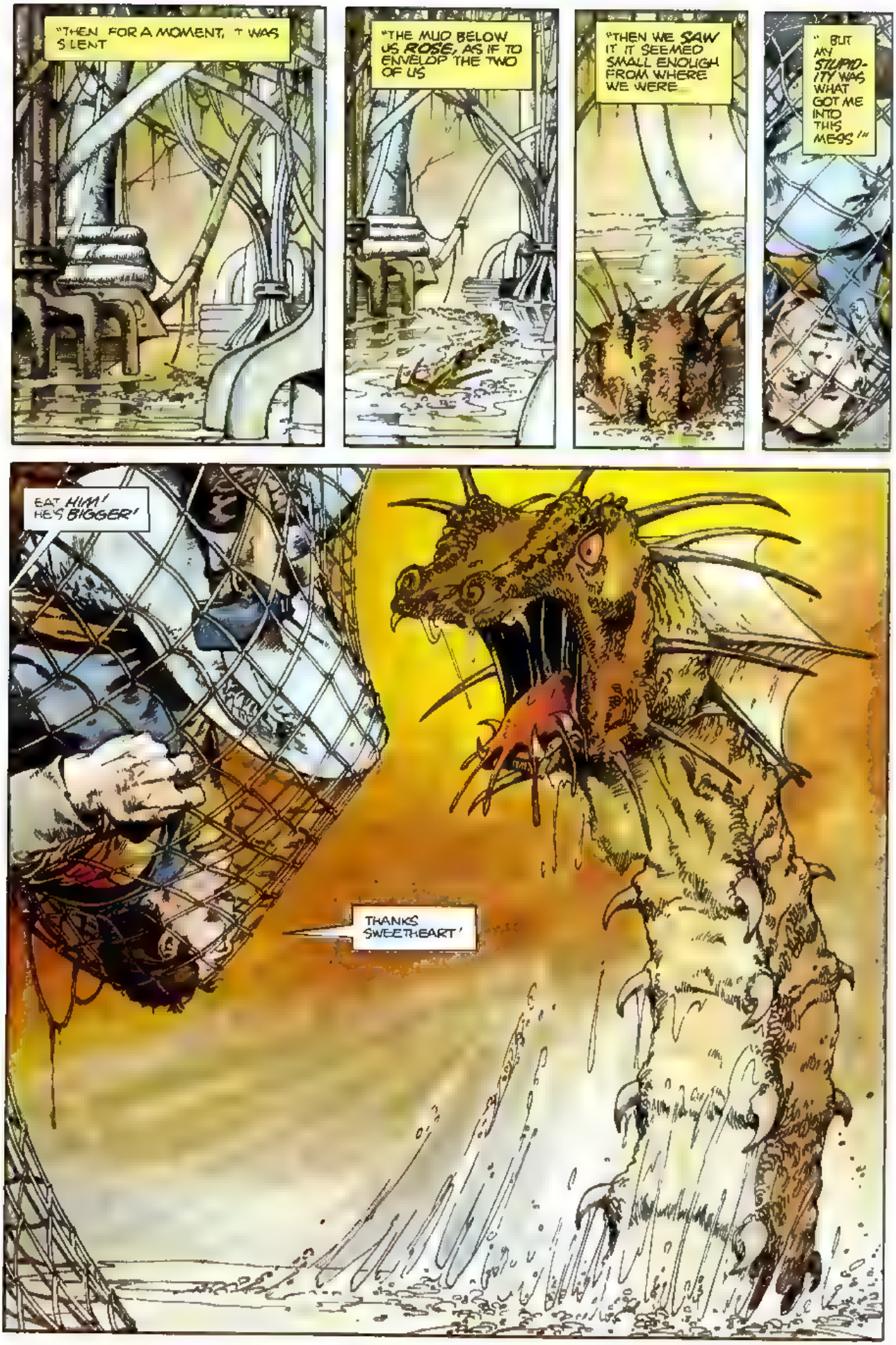

COME IN, MOLTE! HEY, WOLFE HERE! I GOT YOUR CALL AND I'M OKAY. THE TALE GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS. I WAS WORKING ON MY SCRAMBLER, WONDERING WHERE MY NEXT BUCK WAS COMING FROM, WHEN I HEARD ABOUT THIS MISSING SHUTTLE OVER THE COMMUNICATOR
APPARENTLY IT HELD THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THAT STAR-LINER CRUISE SHIP EXPLOSION. BUT I'LL GET INTO THAT LATER
THE GUY ON THE 'CATOR SAID THEY WERE OFFERING A 3,000 MEGA-CREDIT REWARD.
3,000 MEGA-CREDITS! WELL, MY MAMA DIDN'T RAISE NO FOOL, SO...
I WENT FOR IT! AFTER ALL, A MAN'S GOTTA EAT!
"YOU SEE, MOLTE, THE CRUISE SHIP WAS TOURING PAST GALILEUS MINOR WHEN ITS ENGINE BLEW. PASSENGERS WERE BEING LOADED INTO THE ESCAPE SHUTTLES WHEN THE WHOLE DAMNED SHIP


EXPLODED
TAKING ALL BUT ONE OF THE ESCAPE SHIPS TO HEAVEN - OR WHEREVER - WITH IT"
WELL, AS I SAID, I NEEDED THE DOUGH. CALL ME A BOUNTY HUNTER, BUT THE SHIP NEEDED FINDING, AND I NEEDED MONEY, SO OFF I WENT
"I'LL SKIP THE PRELIMINARY STUFF, 'CAUSE NOTHING MORE THAN A LOT OF FIGHTING AND CONFUSION CAME FROM T
"...EXCEPT FOR NIKI. SHE WAS THIS YOUNG EARTHER, A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS, BUT SHE KNEW THIS PLANET LIKE YOU KNOW YOUR ARSENAL REFLECTOR, SO I TOOK HER ALONG.

"WE HAPPENED UPON A TUNNEL..."
YOU SURE IT'S SAFE IN HERE?
DON'T WORRY! THERE'S SHALLOWS IN HERE YOU JUST GOTTA FIND 'EM!
"WELL, SHE WAS TOUGH AND SMART, BUT EVEN BEAUTIFUL BLONDES CAN MAKE MISTAKES."
HUH?
NIKI?

NIKI?
GASP!
GET YER HANDS OFFA ME
YOU SLIME BAG! UMMPF
NIKI!
SHIT!
WHERE THE HELL CAN SHE BE?
OOPS!
LOOK, GIRLS A GOOD BREEDING MAN!
YEAH, IF BREEDING WITH US DON'T KILL HIM!

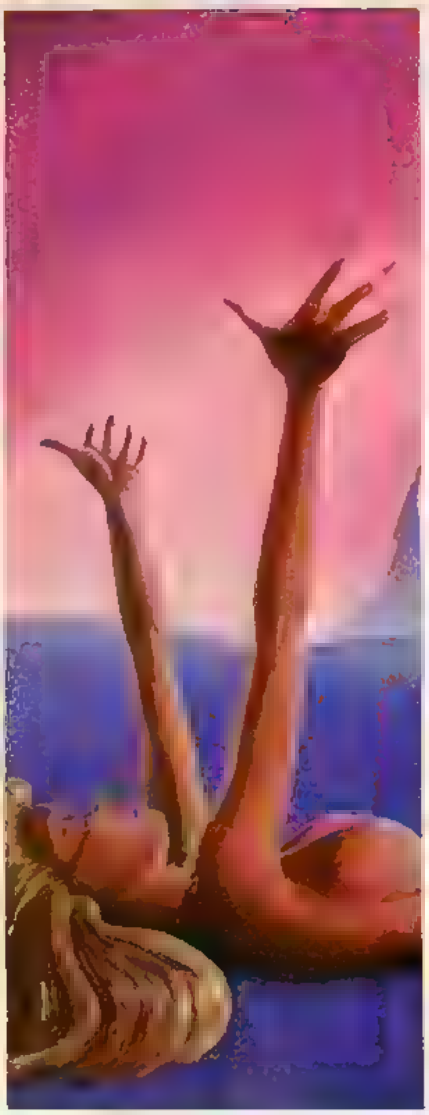
WOLFF! GET THESE WITCHES OFFA ME!
WHAT THE HELL DID SHE GET US INTO? SHALLOWS!
AAAARGHH!
I HATE THIS PLACE!
WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO WITH US NOW?
YOU MEARO THEM I'M A GOOD BREEDING MAN!
A LOUD SLURPING SOUND BOUNCED OFF THE WALLS OF THE CAVE.
THE 'BARRACUDAS' RAN FOR COVER

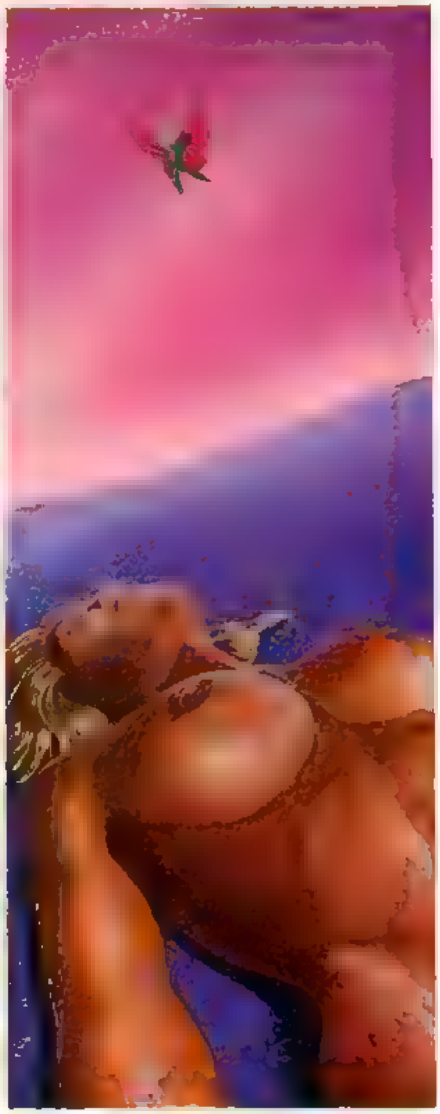

"THEN FOR A MOMENT, IT WAS SILENT
"THE MUD BELOW US ROSE, AS IF TO ENVELOP THE TWO OF US
"THEN WE SAW IT IT SEEMED SMALL ENOUGH FROM WHERE WE WERE
" BUT MY STUPIDITY WAS WHAT GOT ME INTO THIS MESS !"
EAT HIM! HE'S BIGGER!
THANKS SWEETHEART!

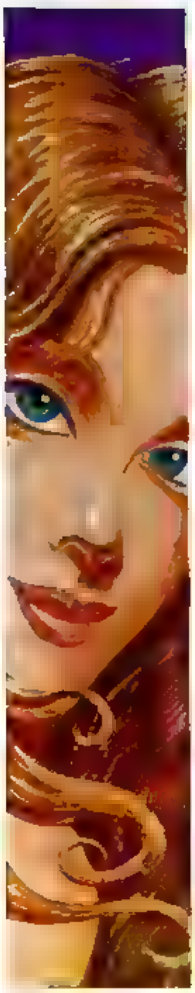
CAN'T REACH MY GUN!
WAIT UGH I THINK I CAN GET IT
UNNNHH
GOT IT!
DIE, YOU SUCKER!

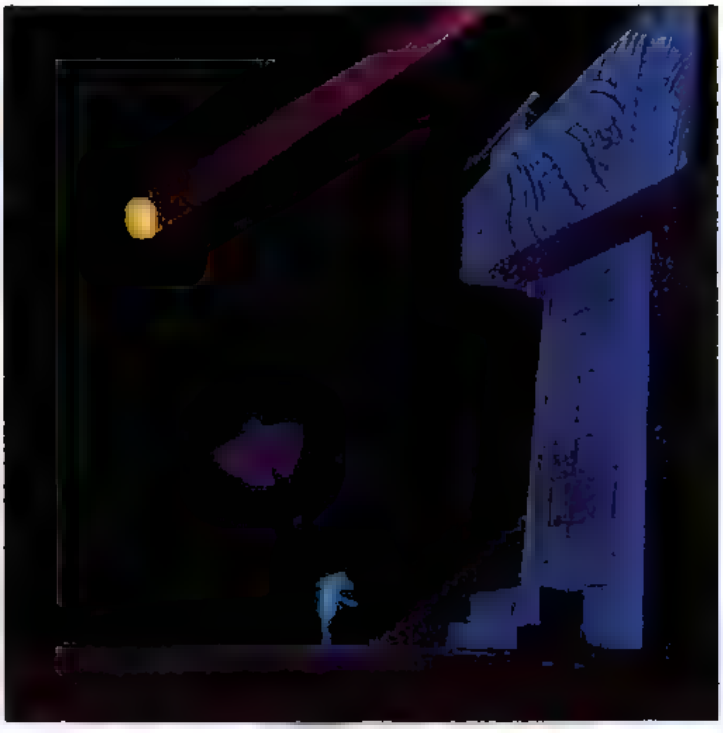
WOLFF!
NIKI! WATCH IT! I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU DOWN!
HERE COME THOSE HORNY BROADS AGAIN LET'S GET OUTA HERE BEFORE I BECOME A DADDY TO THE SORT OF CREATURE WE JUST KILLED.
WHICH WAY?
UP!
SHIT! I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY WATER FOR THE NEXT ONE THOUSAND MILLENIA!
WELL, NOLTE, IT WAS A CLOSE CALL, BUT WE MADE IT AND WE DID END UP FINDING THE LOST SPACE SHUTTLE, BUT I GUESS YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO SEE THE MOVIE FOR THAT STORY! IT WAS A CLOSE CALL, BUT AS THEY SAY, IT WAS ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR A SPACEHUNTER!
END

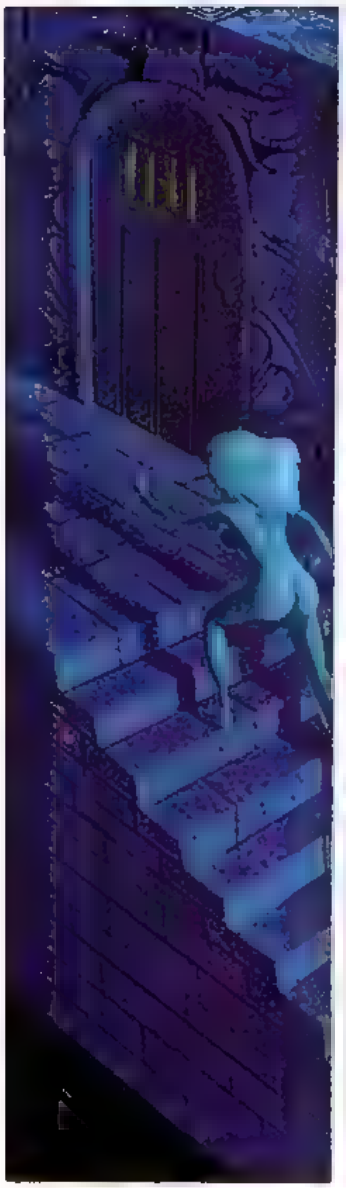
ZENOBIA

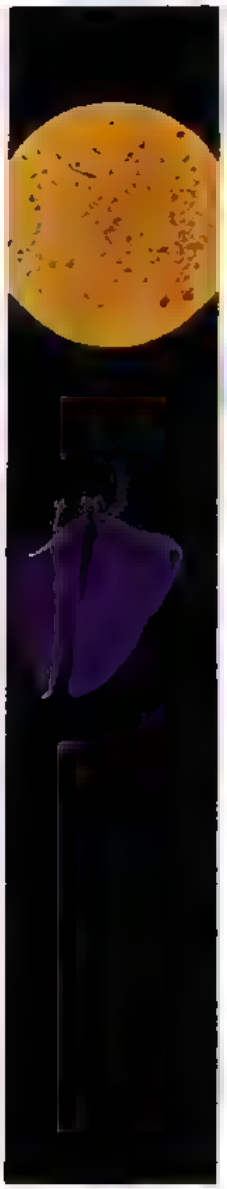


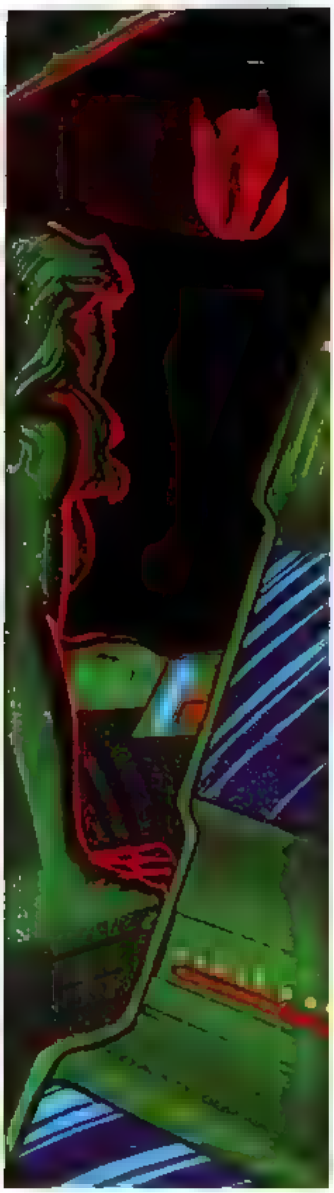


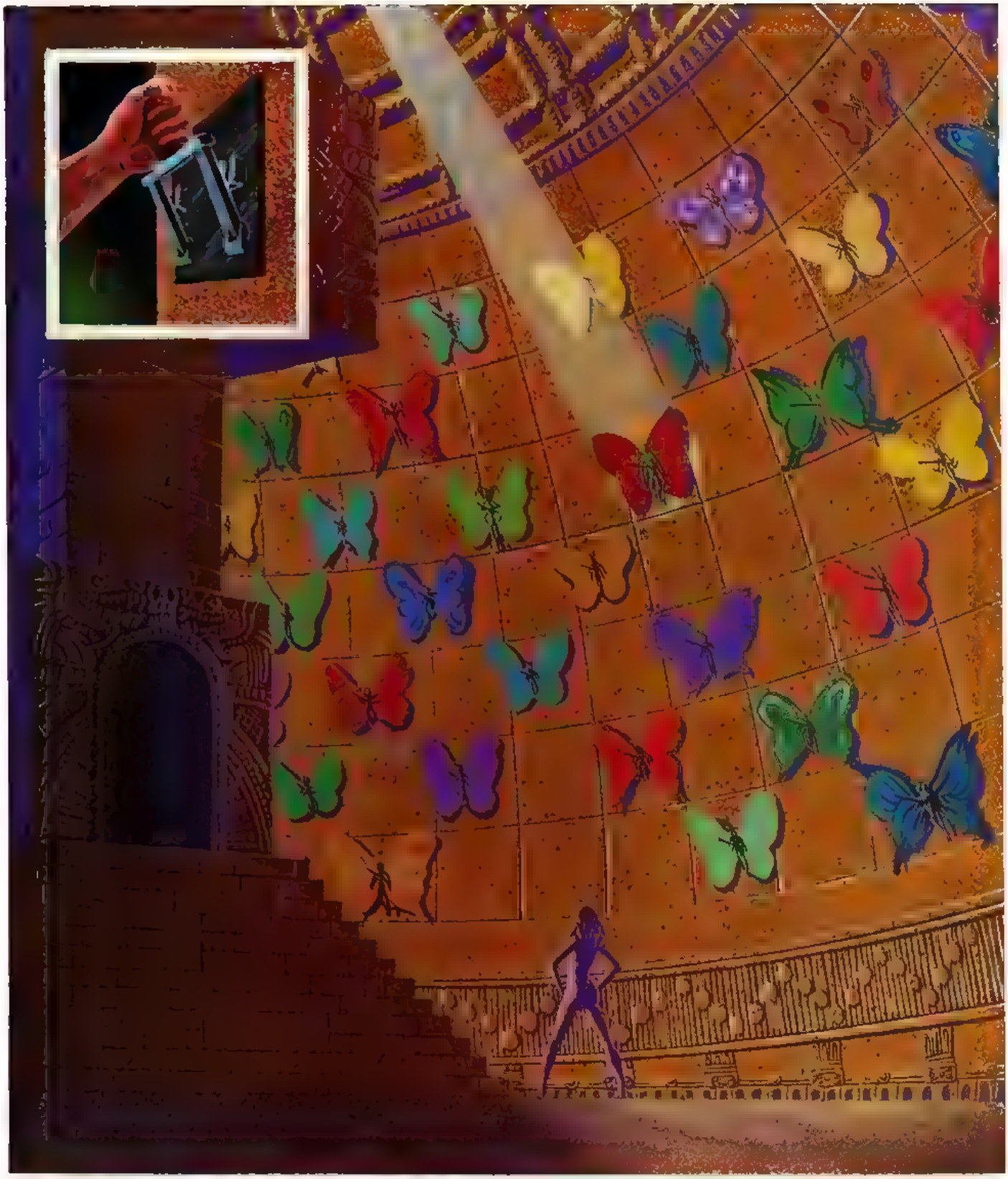




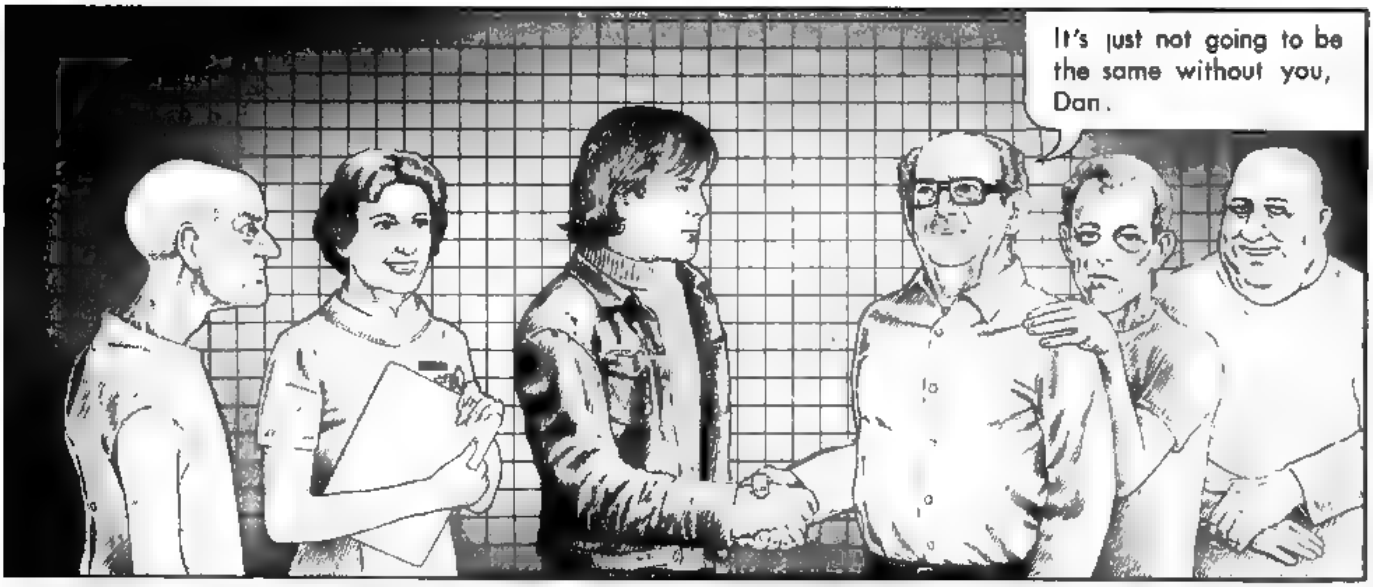


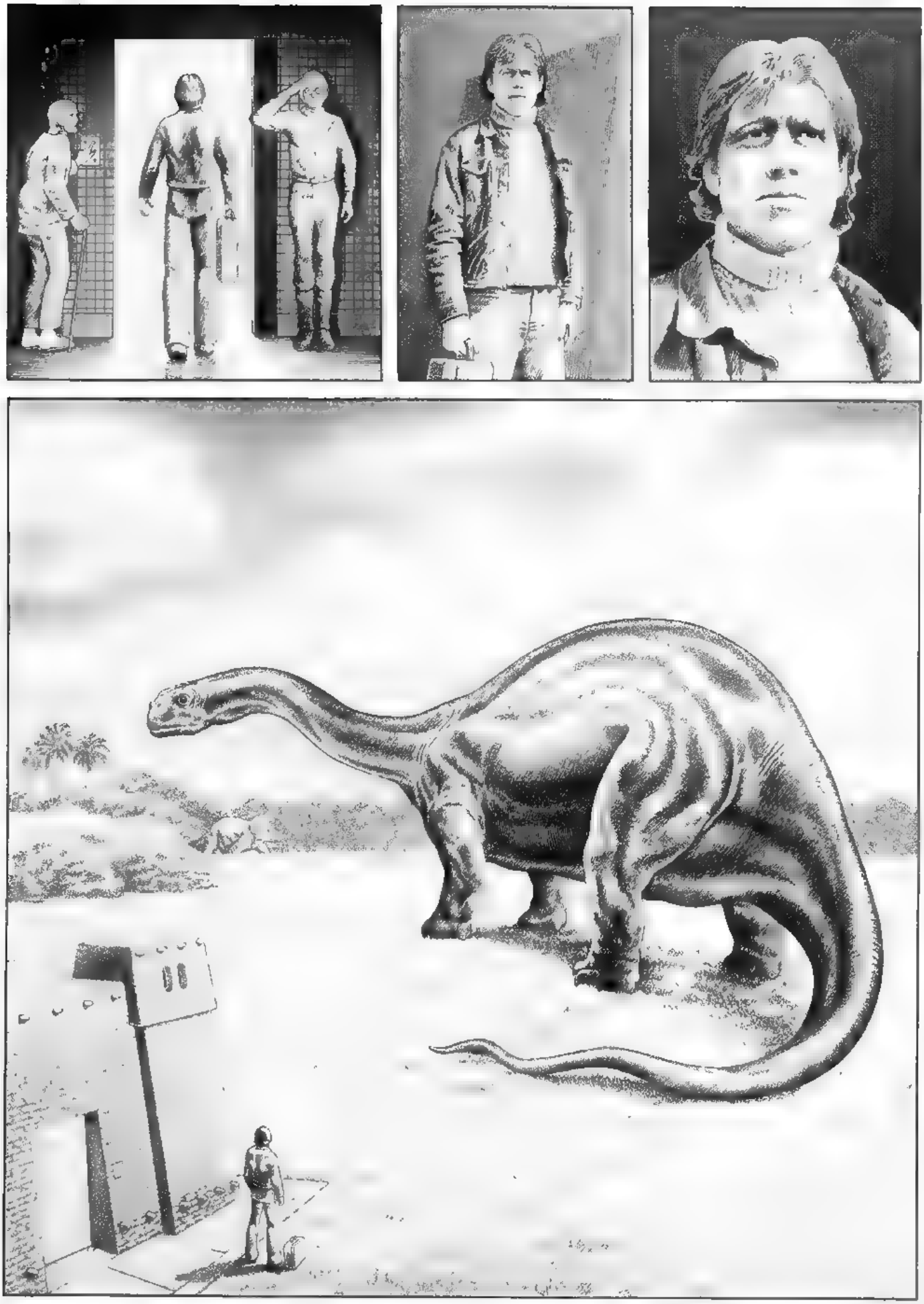






RELEASE DATE

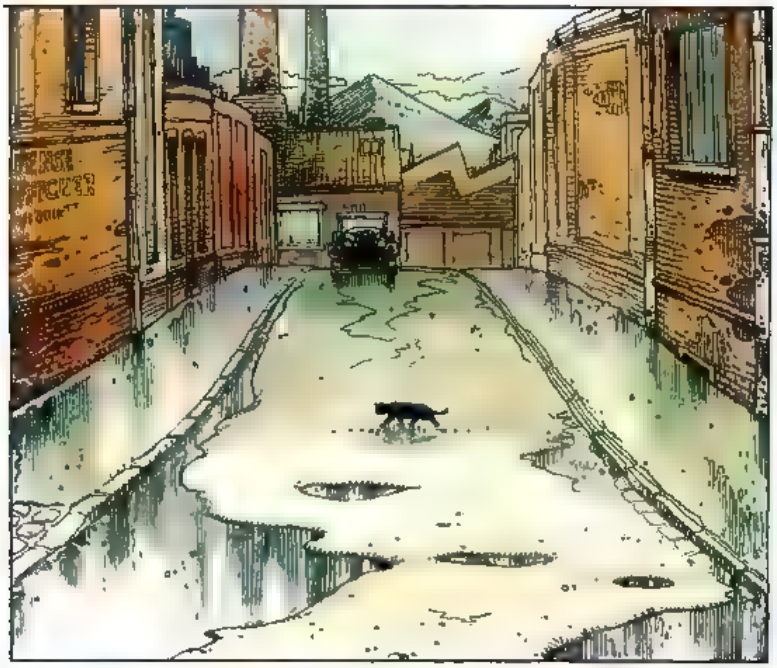


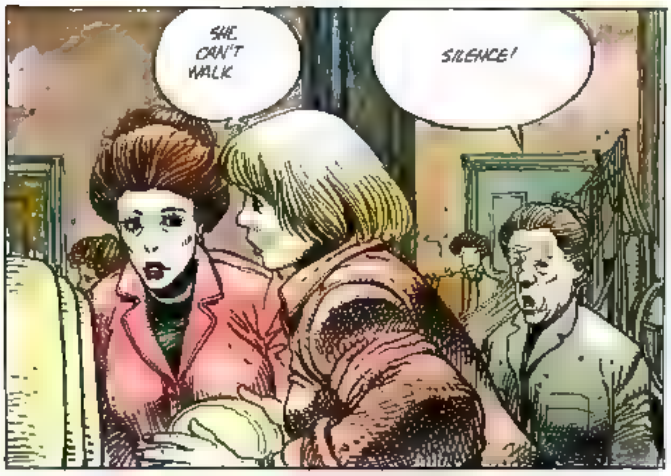


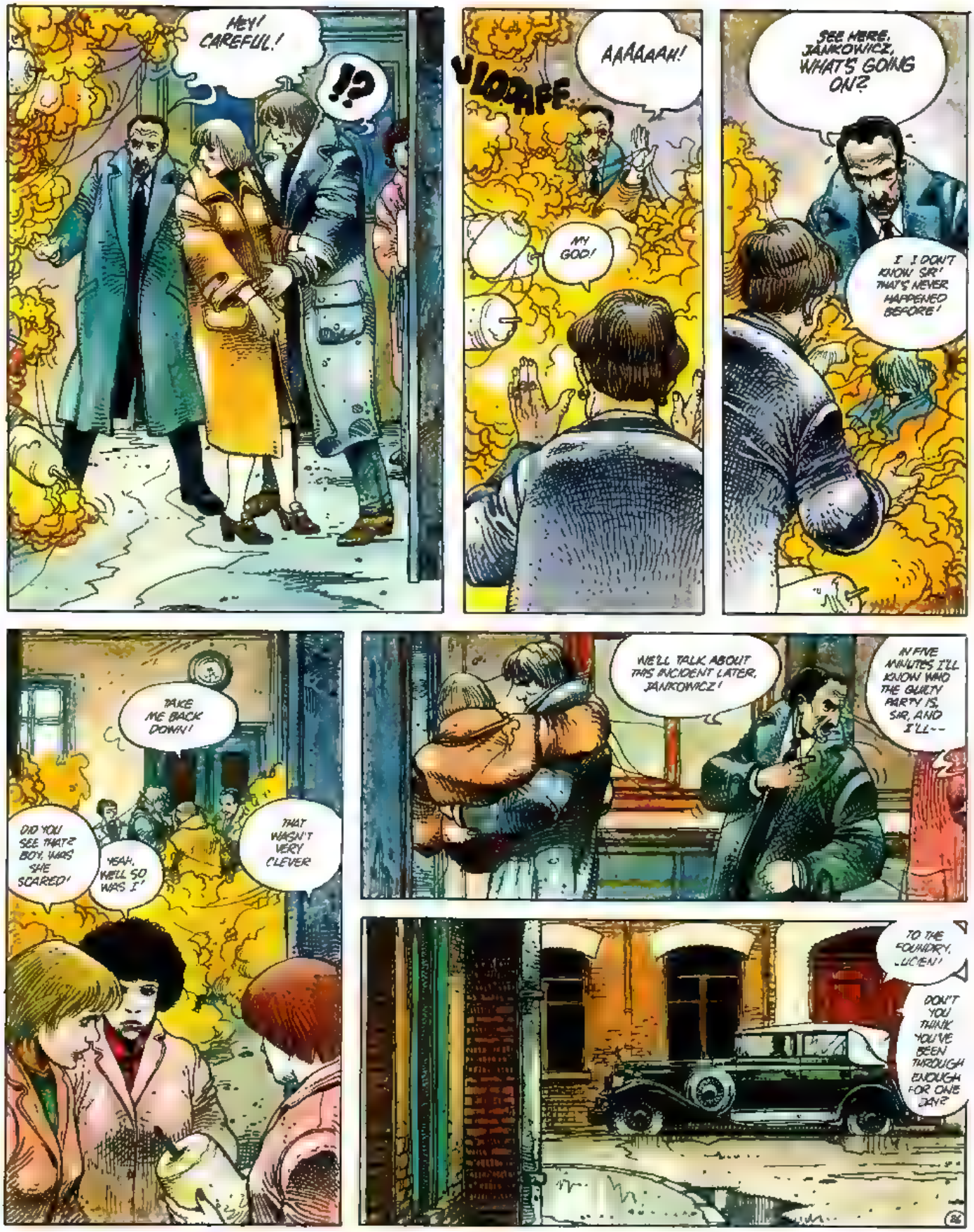
The City That Didn't Exist

by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

WHEN LAST WE READ, MADEMOISELLE MADELEINE RETURNED TO HER GRANDFATHER'S ESTATE TO TAKE OVER THE FAMILY BUSINESS. HAVING BEEN AWAY FOR SO LONG, SHE FOUND IT NECESSARY TO MEET WITH THE WORKERS TO FIND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE STRIKE TORN COMPANY

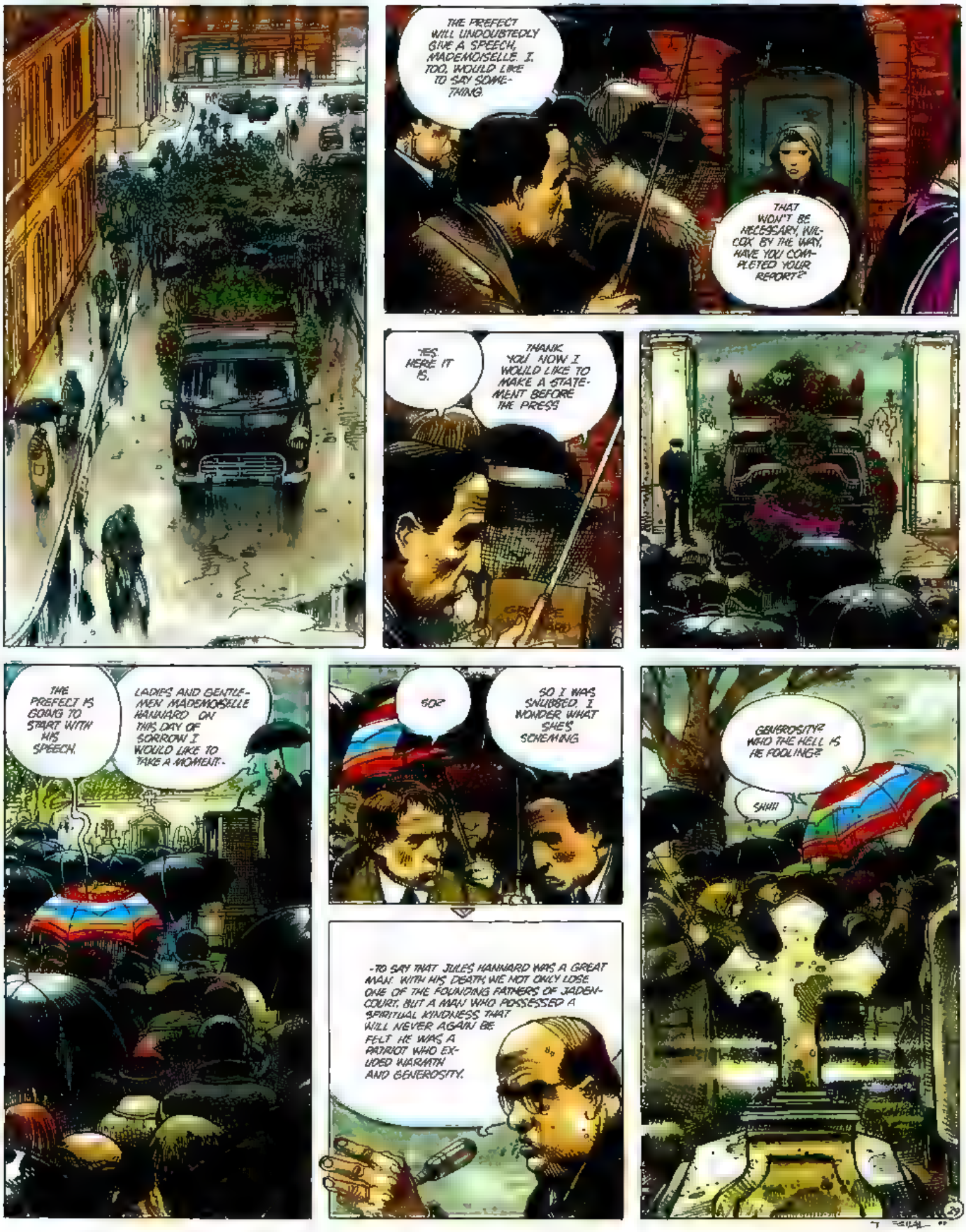




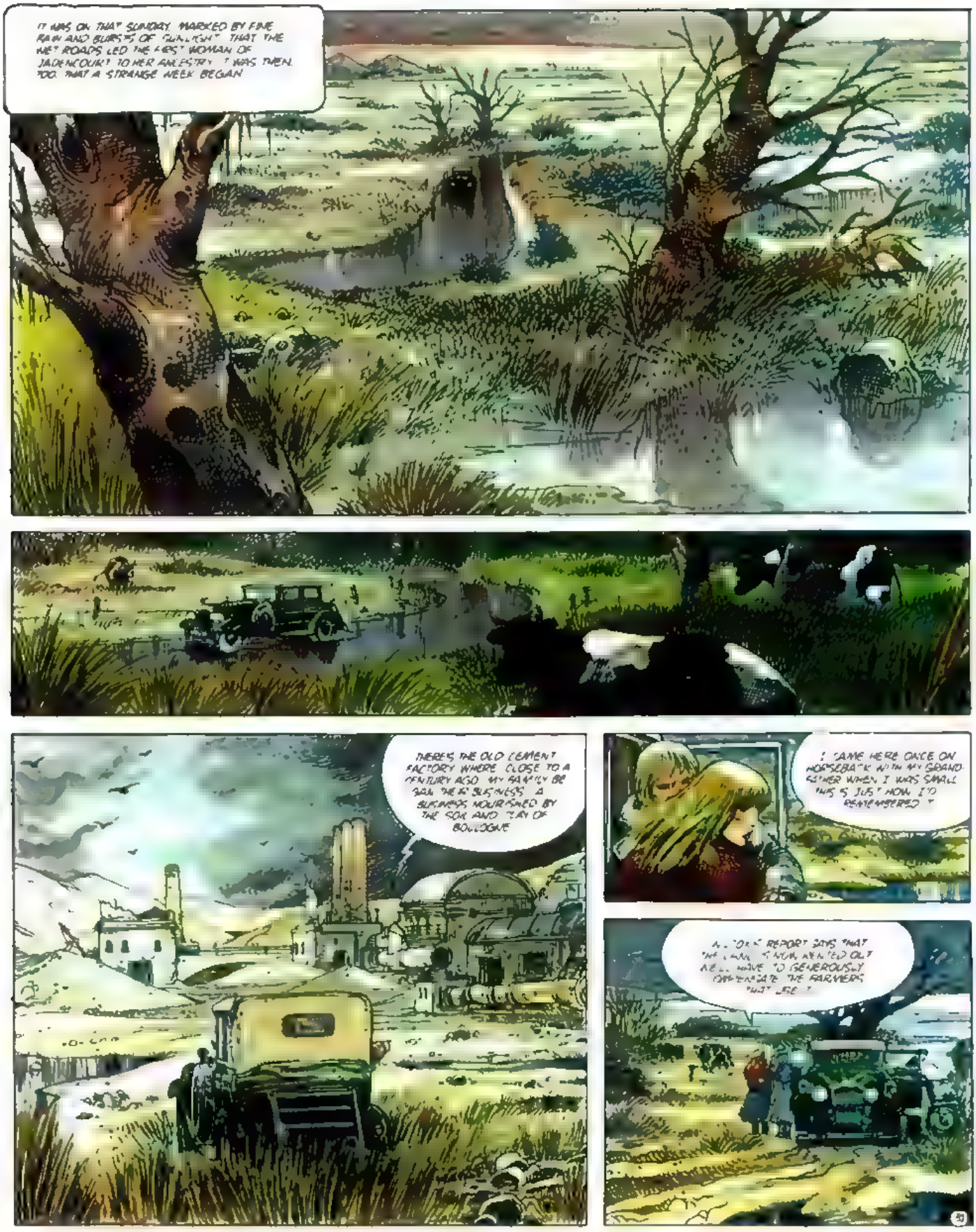

HEY! CAREFUL!
!?
AAAAAAH!
VLOOAFF
MY GOD!
SEE HERE, JANKOWICZ, WHAT'S GOING ON?
I... I DON'T KNOW SIR! THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!
TAKE ME BACK DOWN!
DID YOU SEE THAT? BOY, WAS SHE SCARED!
YEAH. WELL, SO WAS I!
THAT WASN'T VERY CLEVER
WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS INCIDENT LATER, JANKOWICZ!
IN FIVE MINUTES I'LL KNOW WHO THE GUILTY PARTY IS, SIR, AND I'LL--
TO THE FOUNDRY, LUCIEN!
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY?

THESE PEOPLE ARE CRAZY!
BRUTES I TOLD YOU!
THOSE ARE SOME OF THE MINERS. BUT I CAN TELL YOU RIGHT NOW THAT THEY WON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU
EVE ILLI
CG
HMM THIS REALLY ISN'T WORTH THE TROUBLE, BUT THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE I'M NOT SURE WHAT I WANT TO SAY TO THEM!
LET'S GO BACK! I HAVE TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE!
BUT, MADEMOISELLE YOU KNOW, UH, THAT THE FUNERAL HAD TO BE MOVED UP BECAUSE THE DOCTORS WERE AFRAID OF UH
PLEASE TAKE CARE OF ALL INCOMING CALLS AND NOTES-ALL THE FORMALITIES I'LL CALL YOU IN THE MORNING SO YOU CAN GET ME READY FOR THE BURIAL
CHRISTIN - BILAL

IT'S STILL RAINING! WILL IT NEVER LET UP?
THAT WON'T PREVENT PEOPLE FROM COMING. I'M SURE THE WHOLE VILLAGE WILL SHOW UP FOR THE FUNERAL
AND THAT'S NOT COUNTING THE BISHOP, THE PREFECT, SEVERAL DEPUTIES, SOME SENATORS, THE PRESS, AND THE MAYORS FROM ALL OF THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS
DOESN'T THIS ALL SEEM VERY ODD TO YOU? I MEAN, MY GRANDFATHER WAS NOT VERY WELL-LIKED. YET ALL OF THESE PEOPLE ARE SHOWING UP AT HIS FUNERAL
YOU SHOULDN'T THINK THAT, YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS WELL-LIKED. HE WAS JUST HAVING SOME PROBLEMS WITH A FEW OF HIS WORKERS TOWARDS THE END.
I WONDER IF I WILL EVER BE ABLE TO BRING PEACE TO THIS HATE-FILLED TOWN!
I THINK THEY ARE READY FOR PEACE. WE ALL ARE.
29


THE PREFECT WILL UNDOUBTEDLY GIVE A SPEECH, MADEMOISELLE. I, TOO, WOULD LIKE TO SAY SOME-THING.
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, WILCOX. BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU COMPLETED YOUR REPORT?
YES. HERE IT IS.
THANK YOU. NOW I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A STATEMENT BEFORE THE PRESS
THE PREFECT IS GOING TO START WITH HIS SPEECH.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN MADEMOISELLE HANNARD ON THIS DAY OF SORROW I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE A MOMENT-
SO?
SO I WAS SNUBBED. I WONDER WHAT SHE'S SCHEMING.
-TO SAY THAT JULES HANNARD WAS A GREAT MAN. WITH HIS DEATH, WE NOT ONLY LOSE ONE OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS OF JADEN-COURT, BUT A MAN WHO POSSESSED A SPIRITUAL KINDNESS THAT WILL NEVER AGAIN BE FELT. HE WAS A PATRIOT WHO EX-UDED WARMTH AND GENEROSITY.
GENEROSITY? WHO THE HELL IS HE FOOLING?
SHH!!
29

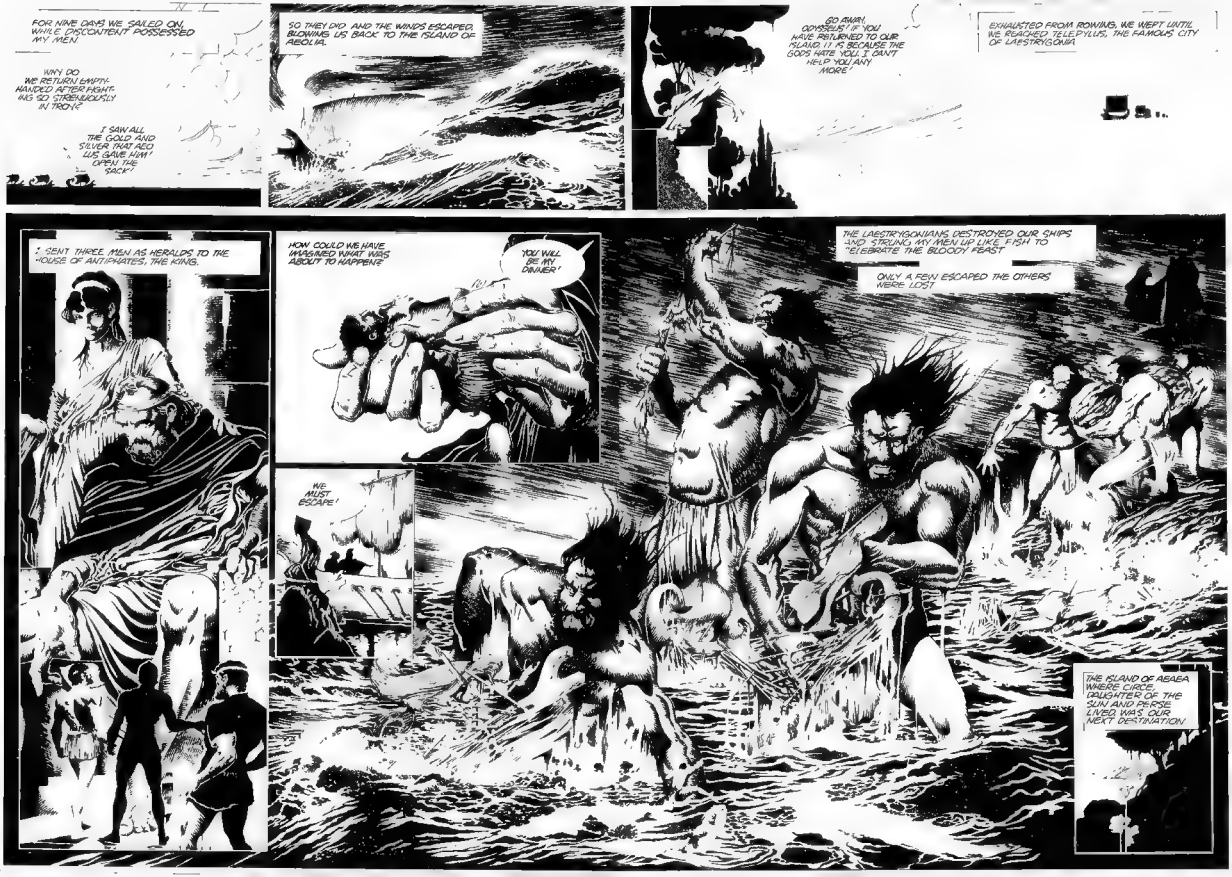
IN CLOSING, I WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY THAT WE SHALL MISS JULES HANNARD DEARLY AND WE SHALL MISS HIS OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO MAKE THIS A TOWN TO BE PROUD OF
IT SEEMS TO BE BREAKING UP BUT I THINK THE GIRL IS GOING TO MAKE A STATEMENT OF SOME SORT
LET'S GO AND HEAR WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY SHE MIGHT BE PLANNING SOMETHING
YEAH JEEZ WILL YOU LOOK AT HOW NERVOUS THE BOARD IS!
A FEW WORDS, "MADEMOISELLE? IS FOR STATION R1!
AND FOR THE "VOICE OF THE NORTH..." PLEASE?
I WILL ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS, BUT FIRST I MUST SPEAK TO THE MEN AND WOMEN OF JADEN COURT. I AM AFRAID THE BONDS THAT NOW EXIST BETWEEN THEM AND MY FAMILY ARE NOT HEALTHY ONES
FIRST OF ALL, I WOULD LIKE TO ASSURE THEM THAT THE FACTORIES OF OUR TOWN ARE NOT AT ALL THREATENED. THERE WILL BE NO LAY-OFFS. THE SALARIES AT FILDOR WILL BE RAISED AND THE WORKERS WILL BE PAID FOR THE DAYS THEY WERE ON STRIKE AT THE FOUNDRY
I WILL HOLD ANOTHER PRESS CONFERENCE IN ONE WEEK, AFTER SUNDAY MASS. THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR ATTENTION
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?
HAHAHA
WELL OLD MAN, FUNNY TURN OF EVENTS DON'T YOU THINK?
HEH?
LET'S LEAVE QUICKLY. I MUST REST, AND THEN I WANT TO READ THIS DOCUMENT TOMORROW— AFTER MASS. I WOULD LIKE ONCE AGAIN TO SEE WHERE MY ANCESTORS LIVED. I THINK IT'S ONLY RIGHT IF I'M GOING TO TAKE THEIR PLACE HERE AT JADEN COURT
30


IT WAS ON THAT SUNDAY, MARKED BY FINE RAIN AND BURSTS OF SUNLIGHT, THAT THE NET ROADS LED THE LAST WOMAN OF JADENCOURT TO HER ANCESTRY. IT WAS THEN, TOO, THAT A STRANGE WEEK BEGAN
THERE'S THE OLD CEMENT FACTORY WHERE CLOSE TO A CENTURY AGO, MY FAMILY BEGAN THEIR BUSINESS. A BUSINESS NOURISHED BY THE SON AND CLAY OF BOULOGNE
I CAME HERE ONCE ON HORSEBACK WITH MY GRANDFATHER WHEN I WAS SMALL. THIS IS JUST HOW I'D REMEMBERED IT
A LOCAL REPORT SAYS THAT THE LAND IT NOW MENTIONED ONLY AS... HAVE TO GENEROUSLY COMPENSATE THE FARMERS. THAT'S ALL.
20

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
FOR THE MOMENT, IT'S A SECRET YOU'LL LEARN THE CONSE QUENCES WHEN I DO
TAKE ME FOR A WALK THIS AFTER-NOON I WANT TO HEAR THE STREAMS TRICKLE AND THE WILD IRISES TREM-BLE IN THE WIND
MONDAY AT ARRAS
I CHOSE THIS MAN VIMEREUX BECAUSE HE APPEARED TO BE A HARD WORKER WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM, LUCIEN?
HMM
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO THE GUESTS YOUR GRAND-FATHER HAS ENTERTAINED, THIS VIMEREUX HAD VERY BAD MANNERS AT THE DINNER TABLE AND TOOK SECONDS ON EVERY DISH HE, FRANKLY WAS A REAL PIG.
I SEE AND IN BUSINESS ?
SUPERMARKET
THE SAME THING, MADEMOISELLE, FROM WHAT I HEARD BY ACCIDENT, OF COURSE APPARENTLY HE ONLY THINKS OF MONEY A TRAIT OF THE LOWER CLASSES AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED
HMM WELL LET'S SEE ASK HIM TO COME DOWN I DON'T WANT TO GO INTO THAT PLACE
MADEMOI-SELLE IS WAIT ING FOR YOU IN HER CAR
IN HER CAR? WELL, WHATEVER SHE WANTS!
AH, VIMEREUX I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU
I HOPE ALL GOOD THINGS MADEMOI-SELLE

TO BE CONTINUED

AFTER OUR BOUT WITH THE CYCLOPS, WE RETURNED TO OUR SHIPS AND WENT TO THE ISLAND OF AEOLIA.
THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO AND JOSÉ SAURI
THERE, FOR A WHOLE MONTH, AEOLUS WINED AND DINED ME AND TREATED ME LIKE A FRIEND. BEFORE I DEPARTED HE GAVE ME A LEATHER BAG, MADE FROM THE SKIN OF AN OX, WHICH HELD ALL THE WINDS OF THE SEA.
I SECURED IT IN THE HOLD OF MY SHIP WITH A SILVER WIRE SO THAT THE WINDS WOULD NOT ESCAPE.
· PEREZ NAVARRO · MARTIN SAURI


FOR NINE DAYS WE SAILED ON, WHILE DISCONTENT POSSESSED MY MEN.
WHY DO WE RETURN EMPTY-HANDED AFTER HAVING FOUGHT AND SO STRENUOUSLY IN TROY?
I SAW ALL THE GOLD AND SILVER THAT AEOLUS GAVE HIM! OPEN THE SACK!
SO THEY DID, AND THE WINDS ESCAPED, BLOWING US BACK TO THE ISLAND OF AEOLIA.
GO AWAY, ODYSSEUS! IF YOU HAVE RETURNED TO OUR ISLAND IT IS BECAUSE THE GODS HATE YOU. I CAN'T HELP YOU ANY MORE!
EXHAUSTED FROM ROWING, WE WEPT UNTIL WE REACHED TELEPYLUS, THE FAMOUS CITY OF LAESTRYGONIA.
I SENT THREE MEN AS HERALDS TO THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHATES, THE KING.
HOW COULD WE HAVE IMAGINED WHAT WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN?
YOU WILL BE MY DINNER!
WE MUST ESCAPE!
THE LAESTRYGONIANS DESTROYED OUR SHIPS AND STRUNG MY MEN UP LIKE FISH TO CELEBRATE THE BLOODY FEAST.
ONLY A FEW ESCAPED THE OTHERS WERE LOST.
THE ISLAND OF AEAEA WHERE CIRCE, DAUGHTER OF THE SUN AND OF POSE LIVED WAS OUR NEXT DESTINATION.

I DIVIDED MY MEN INTO TWO GROUPS AND SENT ONE GROUP, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF EURYLOCHUS, TO CIRCE'S PALACE
LISTEN TO THAT SONG, FRIENDS! IS THAT A WOMAN OR A GODDESS?
"COME IN, TRAVELERS! MY HOME IS YOURS."
NO! DON'T GO IN! IT COULD BE A TRAP! WAIT!

NO ONE TOOK NOTICE OF HIM. CIRCE OFFERED THEM FOOD AND DRINK WHICH SHE HAD DRUGGED. THE DRUG CAUSED LOSS OF MEMORY
ODYSSEUS! ODYSSEUS!
EURYLOCHUS! AND YOUR MEN?
HE TOLD ME THAT NONE OF THE MEN HAD LEFT CIRCE'S PALACE BECAUSE SHE HAD CHANGED THEM INTO SWINE!
TAKE ME THERE! WE MUST SAVE THEM!
IF WE GO THERE, WE'LL NEVER RETURN! WE MUST FLEE!

BUT I COULDN'T ABANDON THEM. HERMES, IN THE FORM OF A YOUTH, CAME TO MY AID.
UNLESS YOU PAY ATTENTION TO ME, YOU WILL NEVER ACHIEVE YOUR GOAL
TAKE THESE HERBS. THEY WILL THWART CIRCE'S CONCOCTIONS
AND WHEN CIRCE INTENDED TO TRANSFORM ME INTO A PIG
GO TO THE PIGSTY WITH THE OTHERS
FIRST YOU WILL DIE!
WHO WHO ARE YOU? NO ONE HAS RESISTED MY DRUGS BEFORE!
YOU CAN ONLY BE ODYSSEUS, THE GIANT-SLAYER PROPHESIED TO COME WHEN THE TROJAN WAR ENDED. SHEATH YOUR SWORD AND COME TO MY BED
NOT UNTIL YOU SWEAR TO FREE MY COMPANIONS AND NEVER AGAIN PLOT AGAINST ME.
AS YOU WISH. BRING YOUR BOAT TO THE SHORE'S EDGE AND PUT AWAY YOUR TACKLE. WHEN YOU RETURN, YOU'LL MEET YOUR FRIENDS.

I DID, AND I DIDN'T REGRET MY DECISION.
WE REMAINED FOR ONE ENTIRE YEAR, DAY AFTER DAY, WITH PLENTY OF MEAT AND SWEET WINE
AND LOVE

WHEN THE YEAR ENDED AND SPRING HAD COME ONCE AGAIN

ODYSSEUS! DON'T YOU THINK NOW IS THE TIME TO RETURN TO OUR COUNTRY?
I'M SORRY, BUT
I UNDER-STAND I WON'T KEEP YOU ANY LONGER IF YOU HAVE TO GO.
BUT ONLY TEIRESIAS CAN TELL YOU THE DIRECTION TO YOUR HOME AND TEIR-ESIAS WILL MEET YOU IN HADES.

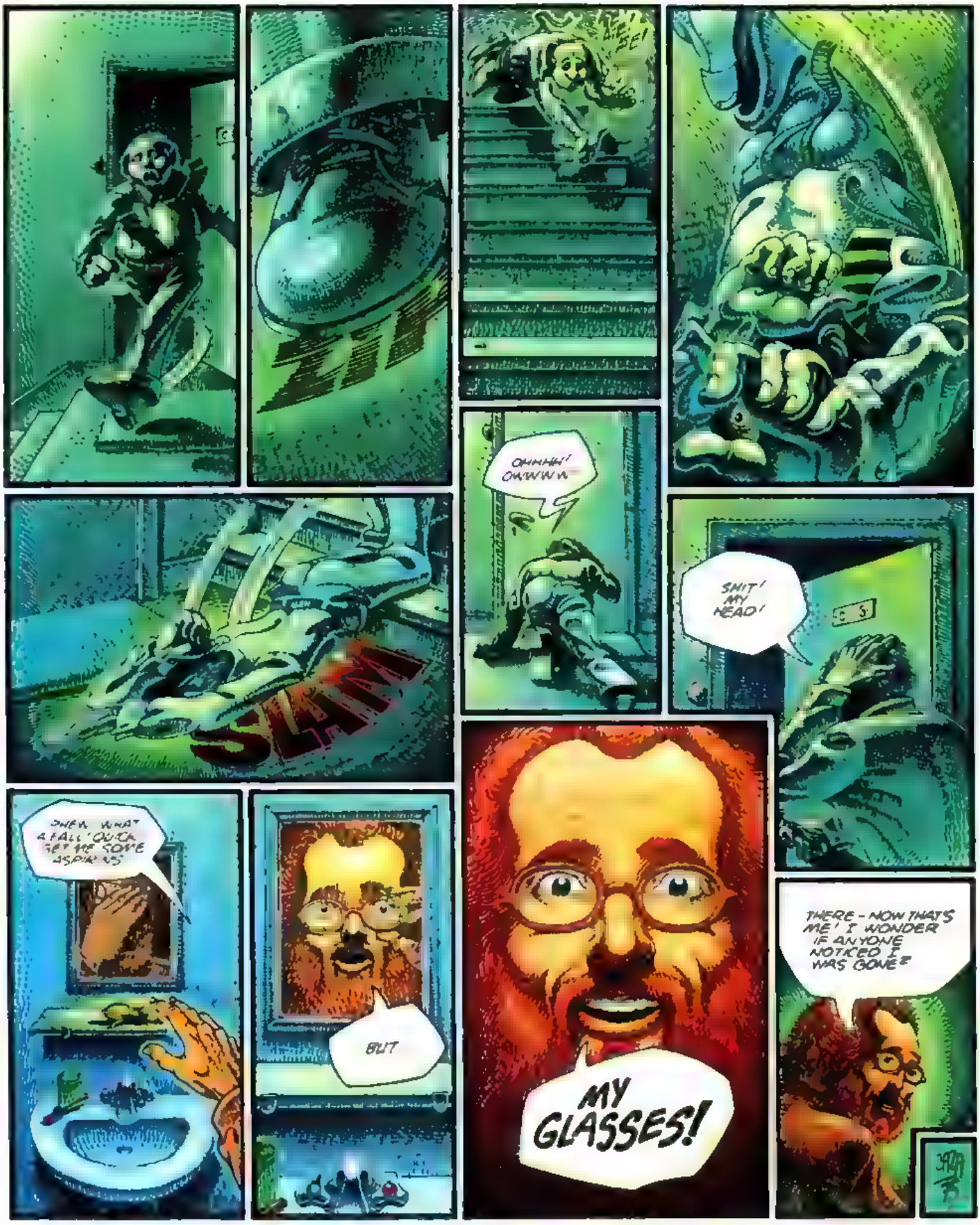
TO BE CONTINUED...

I Got Them Apartment Dweller's Blues

by Caza

POUF POUF
POM POPOM
BUT
IT'S NOT ME! I'M NOT ME!
WHAT WAS THAT, DEAREST?
WHAT AM I SAYING, OF COURSE IT WAS ME!
DEAREST ZZZ
SWEETEST, ARE YOU COMING TO THE TABLE?
YES, YES, I'M COMING!

CHOMP CHOMP
RONF
SLICT
YOU LOOK STRANGE... IS EVERYTHING OKAY?
YES
MTAMGLOP SLURP CHOMP SHAK GRAWOU CRONCH G...
YES!
YES!
OF COURSE
HE'S GONE CRAZY!


ZIP
OHHHH! OHWWW
SHIT! MY HEAD!
SLAM
OWW, WHAT A FALL! QUICK, GET ME SOME ASPIRIN
BUT
MY GLASSES!
THERE - NOW THAT'S ME! I WONDER IF ANYONE NOTICED I WAS GONE

June 2050 — by Drew Friedman

NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW EXACTLY WHY OR HOW, BUT BY THE YEAR 2050, EVERYONE BORN IN BALTIMORE WILL LOOK EXACTLY LIKE ERNEST BORGNINE

FOR CHRISTSAKES! WE'RE ALL ERNEST BORGNINES!

NOT ONLY WILL THEY LOOK LIKE ERNEST BORGNINE, BUT THEY'LL THINK LIKE HIM, TOO.

I GOT DIS GOD-DAMNED PAINFUL RECTAL ITCH!

YOU SHOULD SEE MY CORNS!

ALL CONVERSATION WILL HAVE TO DO WITH THE LIFE AND CAREER OF ERNEST BORGNINE

WASN'T HE GREAT IN WILLARD?

HOW 'BOUT BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK?

THE DEVIL'S RAIN?

ALL MALES WILL BE NAMED ERNEST. ALL FEMALES, ERNESTINE

YOU'RE A WONDERFUL DANCER, ERNEST

YOU'RE NOT BAD YOURSELF, ERNESTINE

ALL FORMS OF ENTERTAINMENT WILL BE BORGNINE-ORIENTED

McHALE'S NAVY

ALRIGHT, MY FAVE!

THERE WILL BE DEEP-ROOTED PRIDE IN BEING ONE OF THE BORGNINE-A-TEERS

ERNIE'S SIT UP AT THE GODDAMNED TABLE

GOD BLESS US BORGINES, EVERY ONE

AMEN

YOUNG BORGNINES WILL BE TAUGHT THE BORGNINE PHILOSOPHY

ANY QUESTIONS BORGNINES?

Marty + Rod Stieger = 0

Marty + Ernest Borgnine = Oscar

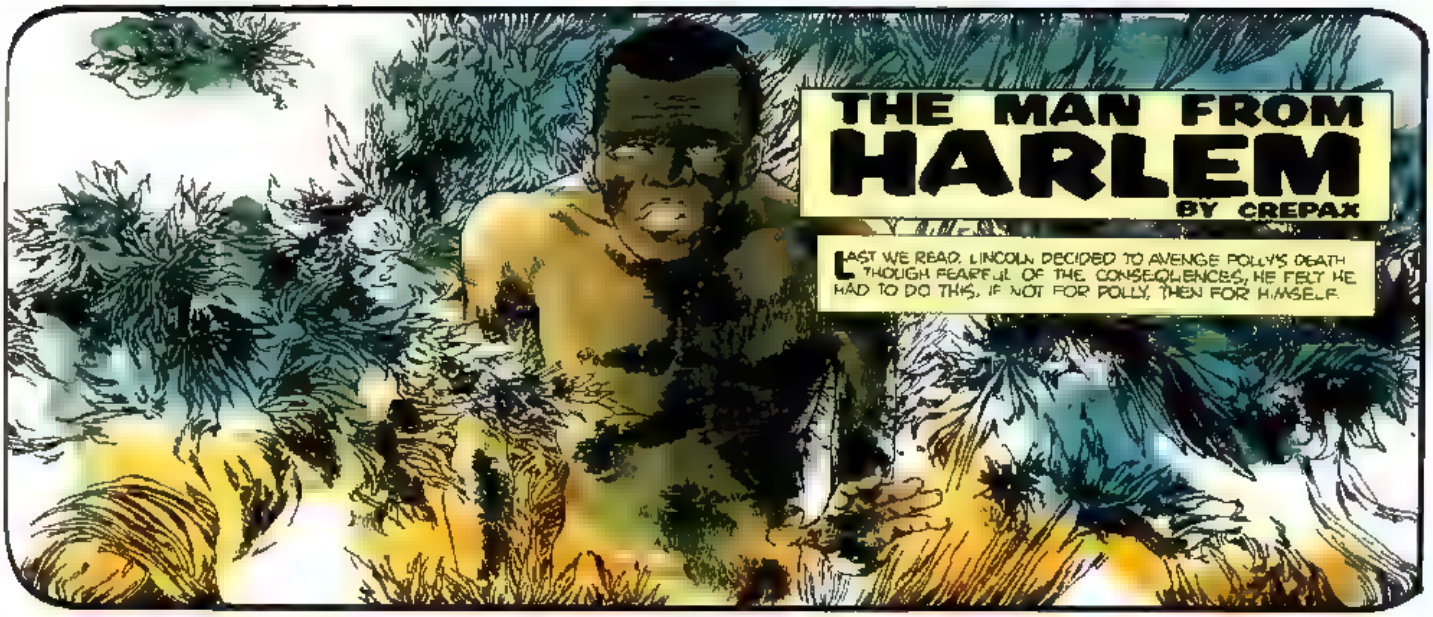
ANY BORGNINES THAT DISSENT WILL NOT BE TOLERATED

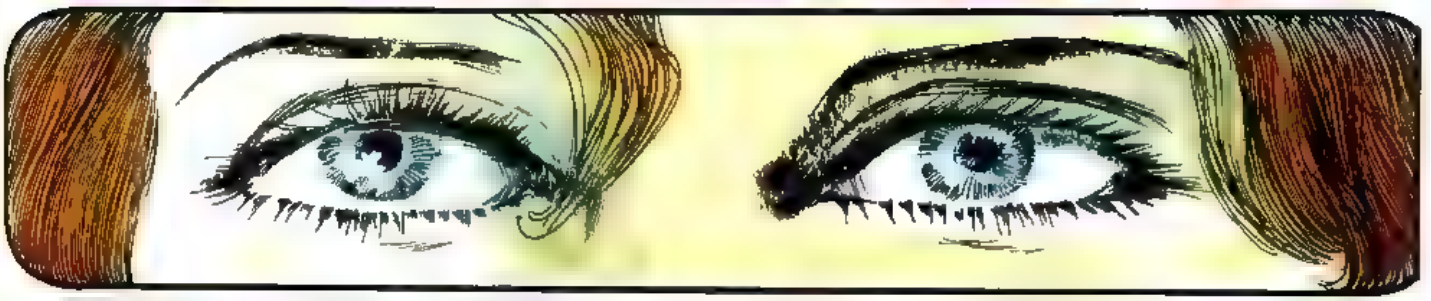
BORGNINE STUNK IN FROM HERE TO ETERNITY!

WHADDA?

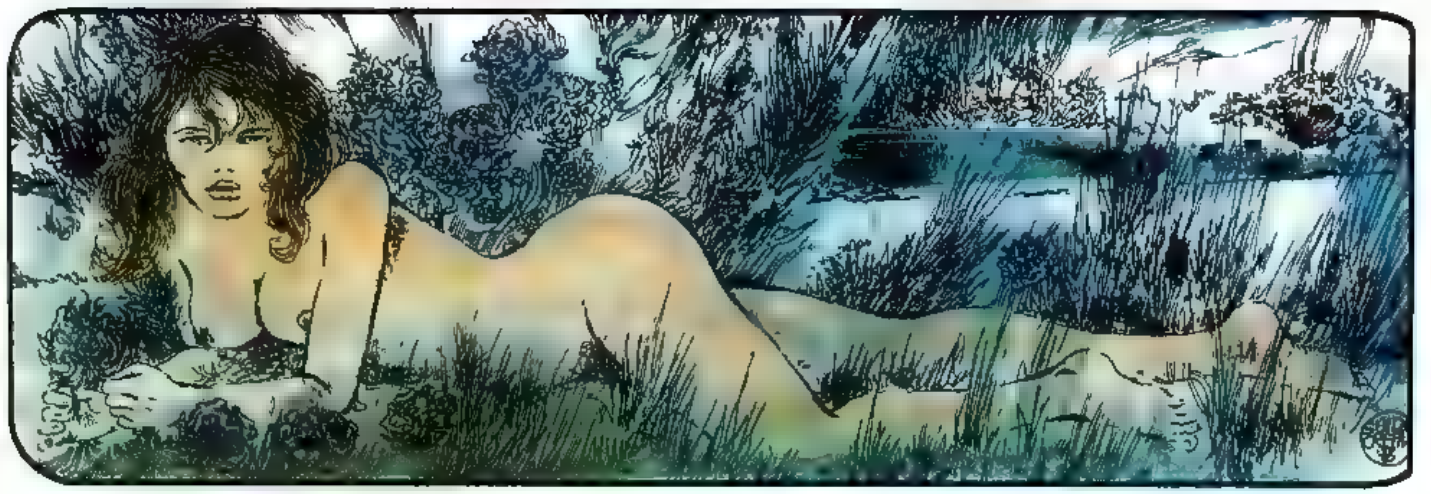
WHICH IS WHY, UNDERSTANDABLY, DOCTORS WILL BE SHOCKED TO FIND A BABY BORN DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE IN THE YEAR 2050 WHO LOOKS NOT LIKE ERNEST BORGNINE, BUT GEORGE KENNEDY

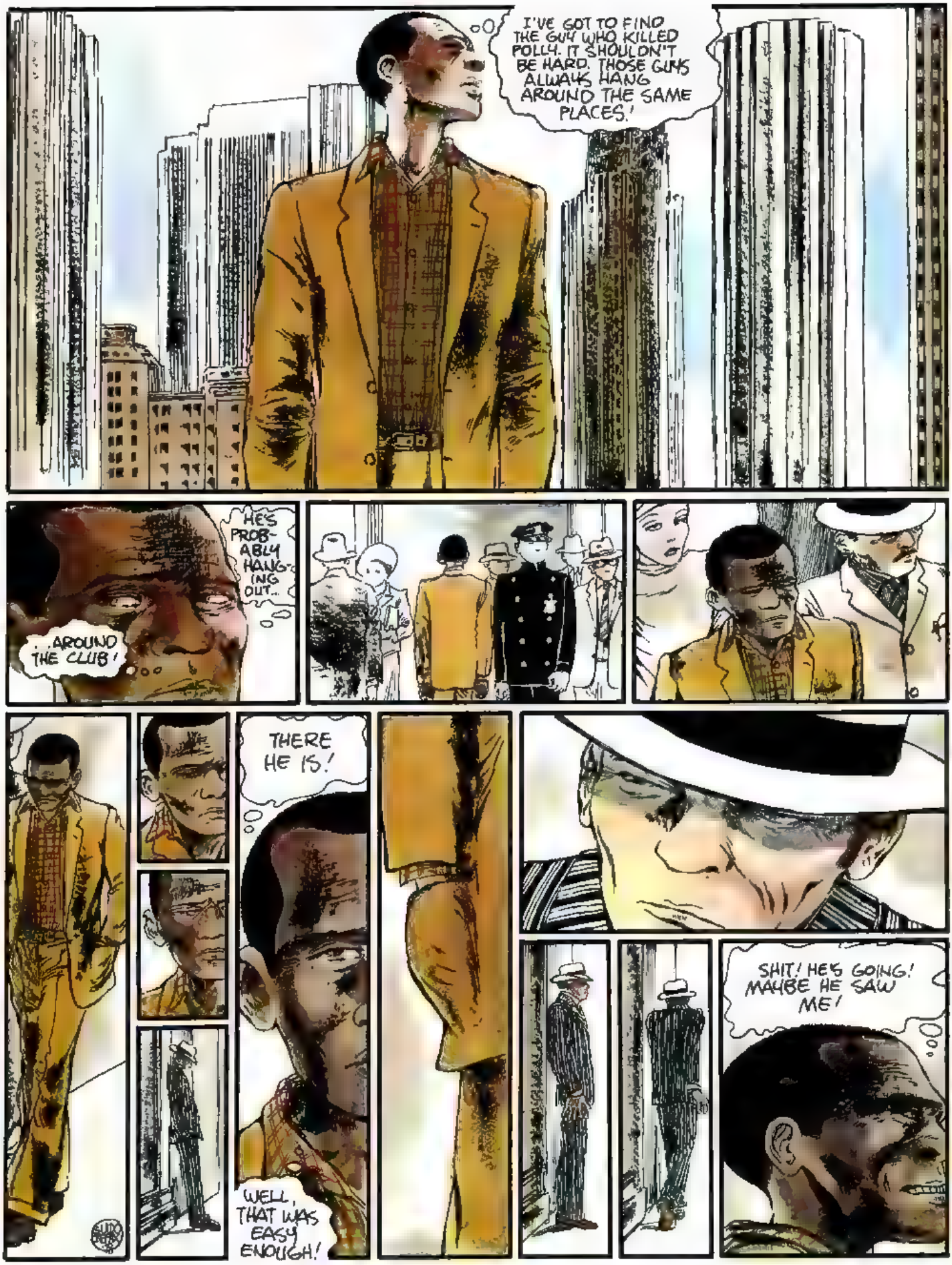
END

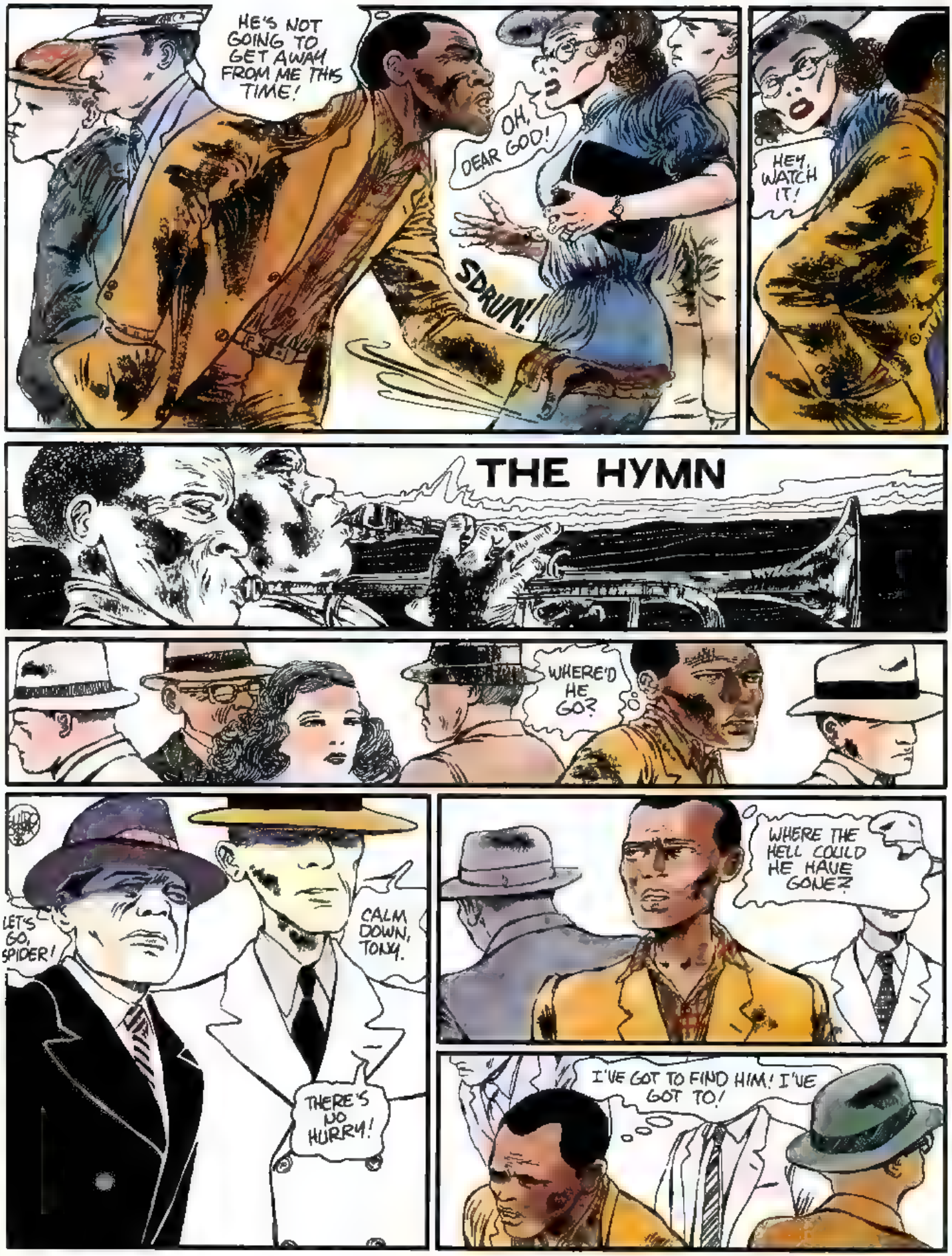

THE MAN FROM HARLEM
BY CREPAX
LAST WE READ, LINCOLN DECIDED TO AVENGE POLLY'S DEATH THOUGH FEARFUL OF THE CONSEQUENCES, HE FELT HE HAD TO DO THIS, IF NOT FOR POLLY, THEN FOR HIMSELF.



COOL BLUES




I'VE GOT TO FIND THE GUY WHO KILLED POLLY. IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD. THOSE GUYS ALWAYS HANG AROUND THE SAME PLACES!
HE'S PROBABLY HANGING OUT..
..AROUND THE CLUB!
THERE HE IS!
WELL, THAT WAS EASY ENOUGH!
SHIT! HE'S GOING! MAYBE HE SAW ME!


HE'S NOT GOING TO GET AWAY FROM ME THIS TIME!
OH, DEAR GOD!
SDRUN!
HEY, WATCH IT!
THE HYMN
WHERE'D HE GO?
LET'S GO, SPIDER!
CALM DOWN, TONY.
THERE'S NO HURRY!
WHERE THE HELL COULD HE HAVE GONE?
I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! I'VE GOT TO!

SIPPIN' AT BELLS
DONNA LEE
SHIT HE'S CATCHIN' UP WITH US!
THERE HE IS!

COME ON, SPIDER! LET'S MOVE IT! IF THAT GUM CATCHES US--
HOLD ON! YOU'RE ALWAYS IN A RUSH! I TOLD YOU HE'D PASS BY HERE, AND PUT AWAY THAT GUN--YOU WANT TO GET US KILLED?
THIS TIME HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY!
FINALLY I'VE GOT YOU CORNERED! REMEMBER POLLY? AND THAT "DIRTY NIGGER?"
WATCH IT!
WHERE THE HELL IS HE RUSHING OFF TO?
GODDAMN STREET THUG, THAT'S WHAT HE IS!
AH HA! I FINALLY GOT AWAY FROM HIM, AND NOW..
BANG!
BANG! BANG!
YOU? NO! ARGGHH!

CALL THE POLICE!
IT WAS THOSE TWO THERE! I SAW THEM!
DID YOU SEE THEIR FACES?
I KNEW HE'D TRY TO GET O'HARA!
YEAH, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT WE SET O'HARA UP! COME ON, LET'S OUT OF HERE!
INCREDIBLE! IT'S INCREDIBLE! NO ONE SAW ME!
OVER THERE! THERE!
WELL, I'VE DONE IT. POLIK'S ASSASSIN IS DEAD! I GUESS I'D BETTER GET BACK TO PLAYING! BUT WITH WHAT? I DON'T EVEN HAVE MY BASS ANY LONGER!
IT WAS OBVIOUSLY A MOB SLAYING!
GREAT! LET'S HOPE THEY KILL OFF EACH OTHER!
MOVE IT! COME ON!
DON'T TOUCH ANY-THING!

I'LL HAVE TO GET BACK INTO THE SWING OF THINGS! MY LIFE HAS BEEN LIKE A MAZE SINCE I MET THAT GIRL!
HEY, LINCOLN!
YOU'RE LITTLE JOHNNY LINCOLN, AREN'T YOU?
I'VE HEARD YOU PLAY, MAN— YOU'RE TERRIFIC! YOU KNOW, THERE'S AN OPENING AT THE CAFÉ SOCIETY— YOU INTERESTED?
YEAH, SURE! BUT I DON'T HAVE MY BASS IT WAS DESTROYED!
YEAH, I HEARD, MAN. THAT'S TOO BAD! BUT I CAN LEND YOU MINE! I HAVE TWO! I WAS OFFERED A GIG IN L.A. I'M GIVING UP THE SOCIETY GIG FOR A FEW MONTHS. SO... ARE YOU INTERESTED?
YEAH, THANKS!
I'M FRANKIE JORDAN. MEET ME AT MY PAD ON WEST 25TH STREET AT EIGHT O'CLOCK. OKAY?
YEAH, YEAH, AND THANKS AGAIN!

BIRD OF PARADISE
YARDBIRD SUITE
ORNITHOLOGY
BIRD FEATHERS
BIRD'S NEST
THE END

JUNE 2050
BY RICK VEITCH ©1985
O'YA HEAR THAT, TROOGER?
MOLAKKO SPUR TURNS IN HIS SADDLE AND CUPS HIS GOOD EAR, TRYING TO CATCH THE SOUND OF GROWING THUNDER...
SHORT?
IT SWELLS AND WANES ABOVE THE SCORCHED WASTELAND, GROWING LOUDER.. LOUDER.. UNTIL IT BECOMES THE UGLY WHINE OF LASER BOLTS!
WHOM
WHUT, IN TH' FLAMIN' HELL!?
THAT GUNSHIP JOCK MEANS BUSINESS!
WHOM
TROOGER -- FER ONCE IN YOUR USELESS LIFE--
GIDDYAPP!
A LASERBLAST PUTS AN END TO TROOGER'S USELESSNESS..
WHOM
DAMN!
THE SHIP ARCS BACK FOR ANOTHER PASS, COMPUTER-TRACK MACHINE GUNS ZEROING IN ON THE R TARGET!
RATA TAT TAT
LOOKS LIKE A FEDERATION SURPLUS K-40! OBSOLETE SINCE THE CRANIUM WARS...
FUEL TANKS IN THE WINGS IF I REMEMBER..
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUDDY-- OR WHY YER TRYIN' TO SMOKE ME-- BUT TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME!
KAKAK AKAK
UNDER THE IMPACT OF SPUR'S TRACERS, THE SHIP SHUDDERS AND HEAVES, BELCHING FLAME..
GRACEFULLY IT P NWHEELS IN AN EXQUISITE NOSEDIVE..
AND BITES THE BAG!
BLOM
SPUR UNCOVERS THE DYING PILOT--
Y'WANNA TELL ME WHAT THAT WAS ALL ABOUT?
I NEVER DONE NUTH'N' TO--
J-JUNE... 2050--
UNNH
HUH?
OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK! WHY D THAT JERK HAVE TO PICK ME FER TARGET PRACTICE?
NOW I GOTTA' WALK THE THIRTY KILOMS TO KALIGHOUL!
DAMN!
THE NEXT DAY..
IT JUST DON'T MAKE SENSE..
KAL GHOUL!
NO SENSE AT ALL..

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

Photography Bob Smith

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts 'Roger' the paranoid puppet. Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE 77: Macedo s Rock blitz,' highly praised 'Shells," beginning of Davis's 'World Apart,' Moebius, Corben, Bodé more

#4/JULY '77 Lots of Moebius 'Arzach,' part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow" conclusion of Sunpot

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of "Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes and World Apart and "Den' continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77. Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera plus more World Apart "Den, and "Polonius

#7/OCTOBER '77. Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius s "Arright Garage, 'Den and Polonius' back again, yet more

#8/NOVEMBER '77 New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for 'Polonius' and 'World Apart'

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz,' by Druillet 'Fortune s Fool ' by Chaykin and Wein p us full-color Corben Macedo C aveloux and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78. Morrow illustrates Zelazny 'Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses* "Conquering Armies concludes. 'Den' continues

#11/FEBRUARY 78 New adventures of 'Barbarella' wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al

#12/MARCH '78 Swashbuckling 'Orion' debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow more 'Barbarella Urm and Den

#13/APRIL 78 Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from 'Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den wraps it up

#14/MAY '78, ' Urm the Mad waves bye-bye but Orion and Barbarella continue and A ex Nino tips his hat

#15/JUNE '78. Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic 'More Than Human is illustrated more 'Barbare la ' and the origins of 'Heilman

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for 'Barbare la '" a sad ending for 1996 '" resumption of Druillet s 'Gail,' more 'Heilman ' 'Orion, 'More Than Human and Corben s Arabian Nights

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY - SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: Exterminator 17, Et son s illustrated 'Glass Goblin' debut of McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus usua

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire '" more 'Sindbad ' 'Exterminator, 'Major Grubert, 'Heilman 's final rebirth more

#21/DECEMBER '78. The stock ng s full with 'Orion, 'Kirchner's 'Tarot and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79 Trina debuts here, and Druillet concludes "Ga plus McKie and Corben 'How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79. 'Galactic Geographic ' 'Starcrown, 'Corben s 'Sindbad,' McKie s 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus Moebius B la and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester s "The Stars My Destination 'Starcrown II, and Ellison s late show

#25/APRIL '79 SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It s all-American (except for Druillet s 'Dancin' and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben 'Morrow, the illustrated Alien

#27/JUNE 79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79. Bodé s 'Zooks premieres. Corben s 'Sindbad' concludes 'Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with 'New Ark City, plus Mayerik Suydam 'Galactic Geographic ' Bodé more

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: 'Elric 'Buck Rogers,' a lizard named 'Elvis,'" and 'Little Red V-3 ' alongside Montellier and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79 A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let's give thanks for Corben s 'Rowlf ' Bodé s 'Zooks, 'Brunner's 'Elric,' Chaykin s 'The Stars My Destination Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben Kofoed Suydam Stiles Trina, Moebius, and Ellison plus 'Gnomes and 'Giants.

#34/JANUARY '80 A new year/new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben s 'Rowlf and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben s 'The Beast of Wolf ton" begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip

#36/MARCH '80 Why did 'The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben Matena Moebius and Lee Marrs s 'Good Vibrations '

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue 32 pages of Champakou in living color, final installment of Moebius s "Airtight Garage plus Caza Bilal Howarth Corben Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY 80 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will 'Champakou' reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never tell

#39/JUNE '80: Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY 80 'The Alchemist Supreme continues Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky Bilal s 'Progress' begins and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave

#41/AUGUST 80 Druillet returns with the 1st installment of 'Salammbo while Moebius concludes 'Shore Leave' (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal s "Progress!' picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while 'Rock Opera' gets stranger yet

#43/OCTOBER [illegible] SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80 With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze this issue s cover by Haime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux Moebius Kaluta Springett and Bilal

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben s 'Illustrated 'Bloodstar Crepax s "Valentina and Godard and Ribera s ' 'What Is Reality Papa?' Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog 'Rock Opera and Moebius

#46/JANUARY 81 [illegible] SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense while 'The Horny Goof an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself

#48/MARCH '81: 'Tex Arcana ' John Findley's epic Western, be-

gins "What Is Reality Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue, Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* ends. Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America.

#49/APRIL '81: "Art and the Nazis," Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!" Harry North's "Stories from London" and an interview with Julio Ribera. Don't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals Fête!" Plus Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus Caza, Chaykin, Crepax and our own John Workman!

#52/JULY '81: Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup gallery wraps it all up.

#53/AUGUST '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER 81. Shakespeare for Americans" 1st episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary", a gallery section devoted to Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Bilal and Steranko.

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World" Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#57/DECEMBER '81: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles, and Corben. Plus odd ending to "The Immortals" Fête.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Boustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon and "The Autonomous Man" by Davis Chudnow, and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten, et al.

#60/MARCH '82. Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Materna's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy.

#61/APRIL '82. Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of materia. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th.

#62/MAY '82: In this issue, we give you the 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and let you look at "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82. We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue. With artists Voss, Caza, Sciabelli, and R. Crumb. All surrounded by regulars Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez. Enjoy.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, Druillet, etc.

#65/AUGUST '82: We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light," by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: We give you Hecht's Music-Video Interface, Lupoff's "Barsoom" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars, Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard, etc.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. It has everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S. Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER 82. A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog" and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus our regulars, Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: We bring the strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and our regulars, Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc. Happy reading.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*. Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul* and our regulars, Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

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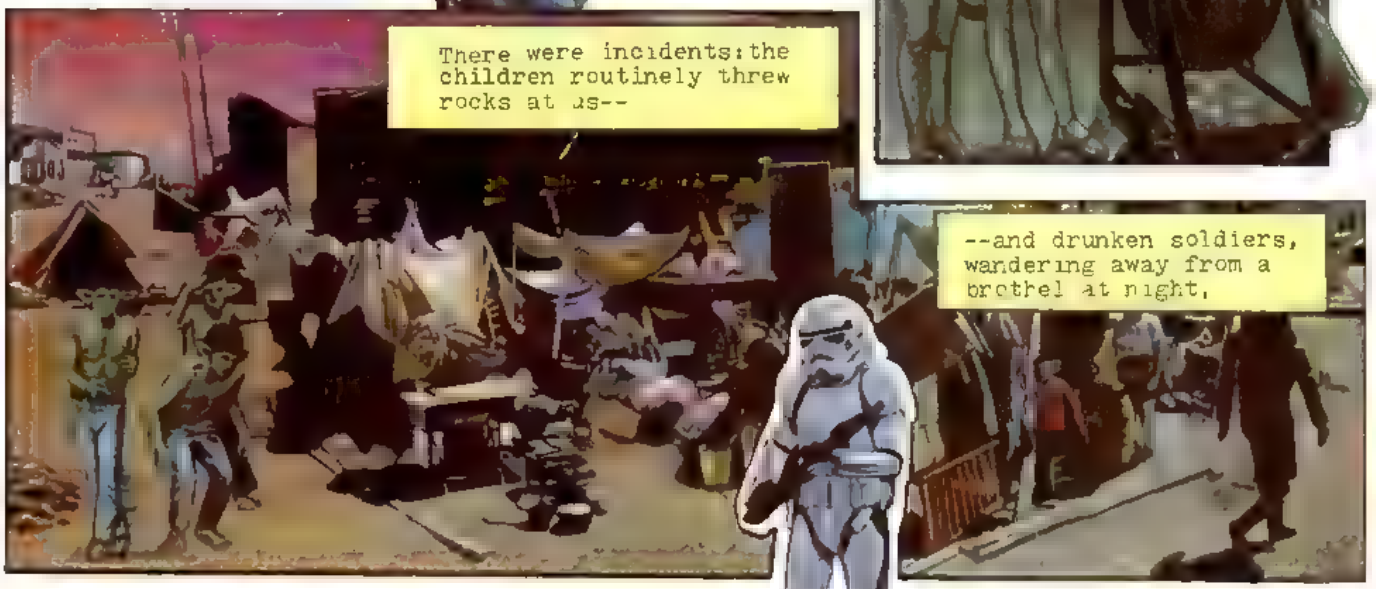
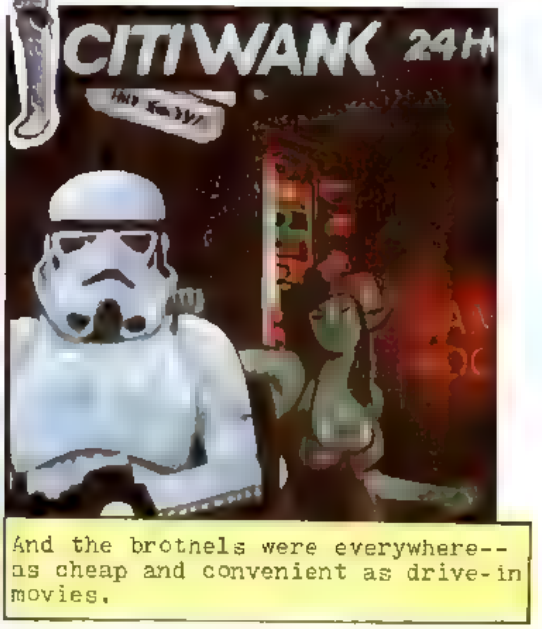
ROCK OPERA

The Nehi nights were tinged with an indefinable smell;a mix of spicey food and casual sex.The little green people had adapted swiftly to our occupation--

--Turning easily from farming to taxi-driving and prostitution.


There were incidents:the children routinely threw rocks at us--
--and drunken soldiers, wandering away from a brothel at night,

might turn up in a local canal a week later,hacked to pieces...


CITIWANK 24H
And the brothels were everywhere--as cheap and convenient as drive-in movies.

So,what do you want to do tonight,Marty?

Why don't we go down to the red-light district?I wanna check out these little green sisters!

I thought you went down there all the time.

No--I'm scared to go down there alone.

A Neon brothel was a monument to efficiency.You stared at the girls through a one way window--

--while they sat,bored and indifferent, in rows of numbered seats.

Then you called in your order over the intercom,as if you were at the window of a "Taco Belle'.

Hot dog!

Your girl met you inside and led you to her cubicle.

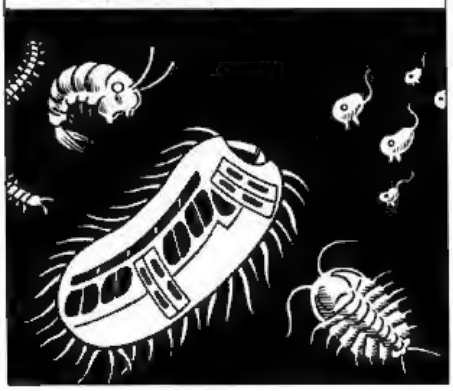
My name Me Lay.
What the matter? You not like?
I like!I like!
You certainly not very big...
I know!It just doesn't seem to be working.
It was a problem which had never plagued me before--
--Perhaps it was due to the hatred I always sensed lurking beneath her almond shaped eyelids.

Each encounter led to more embarassment.
In an effort to overcome it, she performed acts to put the Kama Sutra to shame--but it was no use.
Maybe you should see doctor, sometime?
The next day, I joined the long queue at the medical center.
Another case of "Nehi's Revenge", huh? The usual venereal pustules--?
No, I just can't get it--
© 1983 "LIMP" ROD KIERKGAARD, JR.
Well, you're lucky because there's nothing I can do for the local brand of clap. In a week or two, you'd swell up like a big pink dandelion puff and blow away like the others.
That's terrible! Isn't there a cure for all these poor guys?
Sure--the cure is death! Don't you clowns ever watch the training films?
To Be Continued

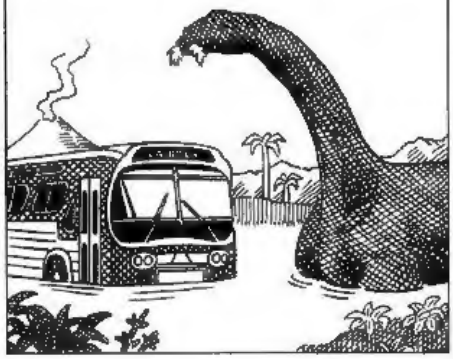
the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

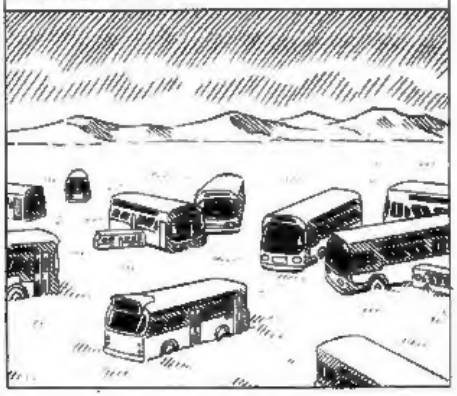
PRIMITIVE SEA-DWELLING ANCESTORS OF THE BUS APPEARED AS FAR BACK AS 500,000,000 B.C.



BY THE END OF THE MESOZOIC ERA, THE BUS AS WE KNOW IT HAD EVOLVED.

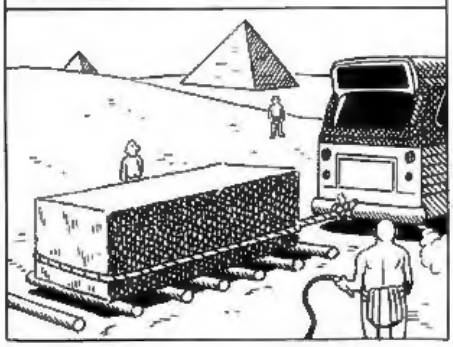


IN THE PLIOCENE ERA, VAST HERDS OF BUSES COVERED THE WORLD'S GRASSLANDS.

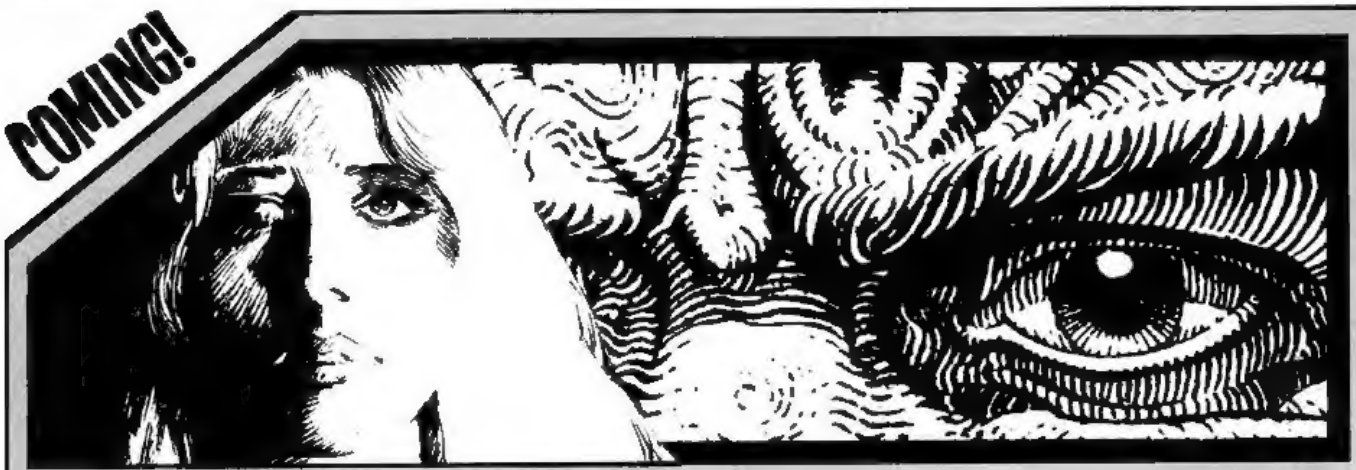


BUSES WERE HUNTED BY EARLY MAN, WHO STRIPPED THE CARCASSES OF VALUABLE PARTS AND ACCESSORIES. (FOR CENTURIES, BUSES WERE THE ONLY KNOWN SOURCE OF VULCANIZED RUBBER.)

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS WERE THE FIRST TO HARNESS THE POWER OF THE BUS, AND MADE EXTENSIVE USE OF THEM WHILE BUILDING THE PYRAMIDS.



THE EARLIEST KNOWN USE OF THE BUS IN ITS MASS TRANSIT ROLE WAS BY GENERAL HANNIBAL, WHO USED THEM TO TRANSPORT HIS ARMY ACROSS THE ALPS.



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